The Crossing of Worlds

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Summary

The Final Battle is over, Voldemort is dead and his Death Eaters defeated. But the guilt from the deaths weigh heavily on Harry’s heart.

All he wants is rest, hoping that death will be his answer. Followed by George, they fall through the Veil, hoping for peace in the Afterlife.

But the Valar have other plans for them, bringing them to the Forest of the Lothlórien in Middle-Earth, where Galadriel awaits them.

With the duo reunited with Fred, Sirius and Severus, they are sent along on the Quest of the Ring, and along the way, love blooms in the unlikeliest of hearts.

And so the tale of "The Crossing of Worlds" begins . . .

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
Tears fell down his pale face as he looked upon the horror that was laid before him. The deaths that he saw were devastating, tearing at his heart even more. Harry Potter stood in the antechamber of the Great Hall in Hogwarts, looking in the room that held the loved ones of the families who were now celebrating the death of Voldemort, the Death Eaters and the dawning of a new era of peace.

Among the dead were those who had been there to defend not only the students of Hogwarts but him, the 'Saviour' of the Wizarding World.

"Some saviour I am," he whispered sadly, a tear falling down his face.

Harry looked down to see the faces of Remus Lupin, Nymphadora Tonks-Lupin, Severus Snape and Fred Weasley. They looked to only be sleeping peacefully, like that of an angel but the deathly pallor that was upon their faces spoiled the image.

So much had happened in his eighteen years of life and so much death had occurred because of the prophecy that had befallen him so that he may be the one to kill the Dark Lord.

As the tears continued to fall down his face, the door behind him opened. His reflexes, still honed for war, made him grab his wand and turn around, ready to cast a spell when he saw the sad and pale form of George Weasley.

George jumped at the wand that was suddenly shoved in his face. He gasped, his hand reached up to clutch at his chest.

"For Merlin's sake Harry, are you trying to give me a fucking heart attack? At least make a noise when you move," George cried, his heart racing in his chest.

Harry sighed in relief, before wiping the tears away from his face, "Sorry George, bit of a habit now. Wish it wasn't."

George nodded at the raven-haired boy. He looked over at his dead twin and slowly strode towards Fred and sat by his side, playing with the red hair, brushing it away from his twin's face.

"I'm never going to forget that my twin won't be by my side anymore. I don't even think I want to live on without out him," George whispered.

Harry's emerald eyes widened with shock at the prankster's words. The lively and joyful boy he once knew was now a walking corpse without his twin by his side.

"It's okay George, I know what you mean. We've both lost people we love and those we could have loved," Harry whispered, bringing him into a hug.

They both seemed to cry until no more tears seemed to follow. Looking up, Harry stared into tired sapphire eyes before an idea came to mind.

A way they could end it all with a peaceful death.

Harry grabbed George's hand and dragged him out of the antechamber. Just as the two reached the giant doors to exit the castle, they noticed a young lady with white blonde hair against the doors.

"Luna!" Harry called.
"Harry," Luna said softly, her eyes looking at them knowingly, "I see you have decided to leave us."

Harry looked down guiltily, remembering all those they would be leaving behind.

"Luna, I- " he started.

"No Harry. It's okay. You've already done so much for us, and asked for nothing in return. You deserve your peace," Luna stated, lifting his chin up to look him in the eyes.

"I'll miss you," he whispered.

"As we will miss you," Luna said, "We will miss the both of you. But your happiness is not he, the Valar have shown me that."

Harry looked at her strangely before shrugging. It was just Luna being Luna again and he wouldn't have it any other way.

The Great Doors opened to reveal the dawning of a new day as Luna waved goodbye to Harry and George.

"Your mates better take care of you or I will cross the Veil myself and hex them into oblivion," she whispered her oath to the wind as she took in her last glances of the two wizards.

"May Morgana guide you both."

~*~*~*~ The Crossing Of Worlds ~*~*~*~

The duo slowly strode through the dark halls of the cold, haunting 'Ministry of Magic' until they reached the doors to the Department of Mysteries. George was following Harry's lead blindly, knowing that the young raven-haired boy wouldn't lead him astray like they once would have.

Harry pushed open a door to reveal the haunting and looming form of the 'Veil of Death' that lay behind its borders. George gasped at what Harry had planned, yet he couldn't help but nod at the ingenuity behind it.

A peaceful death, no gore and no body to find to lead others towards this spot. Just like Sirius had.

"It's kind of sad that all my life has lead to this moment," Harry whispered, "Knowing that I would willing come and kill myself here, even though my parents and everyone else sacrificed their lives so I could live,"

"This was not the life they wanted for you Harry, you know that. They died hoping you would live to have a normal and happy life," George stated, grabbing Harry's shoulder, "James and Lily have probably been rolling in their graves knowing all this has happened to you."

Harry looked back at him with watery emerald eyes and smiled sadly at him, "Thanks George."

The whispers of the voices in the Veil seemed to call to them, whispering for them to come closer.
George turned to look at Harry, sapphire meeting emerald.

"No regrets?" George asked, holding out his hand.

Harry smiled sadly and nodded, taking George's hand in his, preparing to walk together through the Veil, "No regrets."

The two friends walked forwards, the looming silver Veil before them warping softly as they strode through the Veil and darkness fell upon them, leading them to their peace they desired.

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Harry blinked his eyes open to see the sun falling down on him from the amongst the flourishing green treetops. He winced at the brightness that loomed above; he put his hand over his eyes, only to realise he wasn't wearing his glasses.

In shock, he sat up, his eyes searching.

A forest of ever-glowing green surrounded him, but the glade in which he sat was almost like it had been grown for a purpose, as a pedestal of white stone lay amongst the foundations of the glade.

Harry's eyes found the waking form of George beside him, who sat up in an instant to take in his surroundings.

"Harry, where are we? Aren't we dead?" George whispered.

"No you are not dead," an ethereal voice said, echoing through the hidden glade.

Instinct drove Harry to grab his wand, only to find that he no longer possessed it.

A woman of tall stature stood before them in a halo of light. She wore a shimmering white gown, that rivalled the glowing colour of her long hair. The long blonde tresses of hair floated in the air, framing her deep blue eyes that looked down on them knowingly. Her very presence seemed to soothe their weary hearts.

"Greetings Harry, son of James, and to you George, son of Arthur. Welcome to the Kingdom of Lothlórien. I am Galadriel, Guardian of this land," Galadriel greeted.

"Wow!" George whispered, staring widely at Galadriel, a bit of drool escaping his mouth.

Harry groaned before smacking George on the back of the head, "Pervert!"

George rubbed the back of his head sheepishly, "What can I say, I appreciate the finer beauty in life."

A chuckle echoed from behind them.

"Oh dear Brother, how I have missed your humour."

Harry and George stiffened at the familiar voice behind them, they turned around to gasp, tears
began to cascade down their faces.

"Is this real?" Harry whispered.

"What does your heart tell you?" Galadriel stated, resting a hand on the young man's shoulder.

Harry leapt up, rushing into the two sets of arms that surrounded as he crashed into their bodies.

"Sirius! Severus!"

Sirius and Severus chuckled at the outburst from Harry, surrounding the young man in their arms, using to calm him down.

"Hush Harry. All is well now, we are together again," Sirius whispered into Harry's ear, petting his hair reassuringly.

Harry just squeezed the two men tighter, not wanting to let them go or out of his sight.

His emerald eyes wandered over to the Twins, only for them to widen in shock and for a blush to rise to his pale face.

George and Fred were locked in a passionate embrace, kissing each other like their life depended on it. Harry could see that George was clinging to his Twin desperately, not seeming to let go of him anytime soon.

A slight cough from behind them bought them all back to reality; they all turned to see Galadriel smiling.

"I see the Valar chose wisely, as always, to bring you all to our World. Your crossing was destined to happen as your soul-mates were born in this world. But for now, we must being to prepare you for the next step in your journeys. Come, we have much to do and little time to truly prepare you for what is to come."
Welcome to Rivendell

Harry sighed as he closed his eyes. The wind played with his hair, caressing his cheek like that of a mother to her child. Within his mind, the memories flowed, showing him all that had occurred in his life since he had arrived in Middle-Earth.

A year had passed since George and Harry had stepped through the Veil and found themselves in the arms of Sirius, Fred and Severus. The reunion was sweet and timely, lifting some of the pain from his heart that had remained from the war.

Things had changed between Sirius and Severus. While they still called each other names, it was in a more good-natured manner. They weren't the best of friends but they had put their differences aside and become closer, finding things in each other they had never truly been able to see with the childish rivalry that had survived for almost two decades.

Harry smirked slightly as he thought of his two favourite redheads. Fred and George had been inseparable ever since they had been reunited. It had truly shaken George to see his twin and lover dead. Seeing him alive again brought much joy to the other twin's heart. George now spent every waking moment making sure that Fred was alive and well cared for, though Fred did try and sneak away for a breather or two every now and then.

The Valar had chosen to grant them all new forms when they had passed over into Middle Earth. Where they had once been mortal Men, they were now part Man, part Elf. 'Hybrids' they now called themselves.

They now possessed Elven abilities - their strength, speed and reflexes were heightened as well as their senses. The new forms they had been given with had the true grace, poise and beauty of an Elf, but they still held most of their old features - much to Severus' delight and Harry's disbelief, as Severus had lost his crooked nose and Harry was still as short as before.

The Twins and Sirius still teased Harry about that!

While they were not immortal like other Elven folk, they possessed Elemental magic, allowing them to control their natural element at will. This new magic, along with their now wordless and wandless magic made their Wizarding core stronger than ever.

'If only Voldemort could see me now,' Harry thought, smirking viciously.

Galadriel and the Elves of Lothlórien had trained them hard in the past year, teaching them the many Elven trades, allowing them to fight with weapons and to control their new magic.

Listening softly, Harry waited until he heard the tell tale ring of a sword being pulled from its sheath then the swing and the movement of the air as the blade was brought down towards him.

Moving swiftly, Harry twisted out of the way and opened his emerald eyes to see George looking at him with a maniacal grin on his face. The sapphire eyes twitched to quickly glance behind the younger boy. Harry rolled to the side before landing on his feet and smoothly standing up.

Reaching up to the two swords attached to his back, he withdrew the narrow twin swords out to hold them by his sides.

The silver steel shone in the sunlight as he waited for the two redheads to attack.
They charged him in unison, each striving to disarm Harry.

Harry was pushed back as the Twins hammered at him, their combined strength coming close to overpowering him. He parried each blow with his two swords, dancing around and out of the way.

A glitter appeared in Harry's emerald eyes as he swiftly began to gain the upper hand with his superior speed. Steadily, as his strikes grew faster, he pressed back. The clashing of swords echoed through the small glade.

Within the next quick succession of blows, Harry was able to twist the swords from Fred's and George's hands. As the two weapons landed on the forest floor, Harry raised his twin swords to the bare throats of the Twins.

George gulped, "Damn Harry -"

"- if only," Fred said.

" - old Moldypants -"

" - could see you now!" They finished together.

Harry laughed, "I think any of us could make him piss his pants if old Snakeface could see us now."

The twin Hybrids gathered their weapons and returned them to their sheaths.

Harry jumped as he grabbed into a headlock by Fred.

"But don't worry Harry -"

"You will -"

"Always be -"

"Our little Dragon," they cooed.

Harry blushed and muttered, "Oh shove off you two!"

Clapping rang through the glade in which they practiced. The trio turned to see Lady Galadriel clapping at their performance with Sirius and Severus standing behind her, chuckling at their antics.

"A fair challenge you have become to any foe you shall come to face Young Ones," Galadriel complimented.

Harry bowed at the Elf, "We thank you m’Lady. I'm glad you approve,"

"Come closer Young Ones, as there is much I need to tell you,” Galadriel beckoned.

The five Hybrids drew closer, their faces expectant and curious.

"You have done well this past year. You are stronger and more powerful than you have ever been. Your time here has ended, you must move on and continue with the journey the Valar have presented you," Galadriel pronounced.

Harry brought a hand to his chest, "But this is our home!"

"I know it is Young One, but your mates need you more. The Battle for Middle-Earth is approaching
and you are needed to guide your mates, or all will be lost and your other halves will die. The lands will fall into the darkness under Sauron's might," Galadriel pronounced wistfully, her eyes distant as she looked out into her beloved forest.

He paled at the implication of his actions, of what could take place.

His mind was screaming at him, 'No! I will not lose him! I cannot sacrifice my once chance at true happiness!'

Strengthening his resolve with thoughts of his mate and a happy future, Harry grit his teeth and looked over at the others.

"Bring it on! Merlin knows what we've been through but this will be just like taking a stroll through Hogwarts compared to fighting with the Duck Lord," Sirius cried, his eyes burning with energy.

"Famous last words," Severus stated, rolling his eyes.

Harry, Fred, and George burst out into laughter as Sirius pouted and huffed like a child at the Potions' Master's words.

"Well if Sirius is going, why not?" Fred asked shrugging.

"I agree Brother," George nodded.

Severus sighed, rubbing the bridge of his nose.

"Like the blind leading the blind with this lot. I must be a foolish Gryffindor for agreeing to this adventure, but I'm not letting a chance at love and happiness slip through my fingers once again."

They all looked at Harry expectantly.

He just grinned, "Do you really need to ask?"

Severus just shook his head in exasperation as the other three hooted and cheered.

Severus turned to Galadriel, "Now that we are about to set upon this accursed journey, how will we be able to recognize who is our mates?"

Galadriel smiled at the surly man, her eyes twinkling knowingly, "At the time when you first set eyes on your mate, you will feel the rush of your element in your veins, coursing through your blood. In their presence, you will feel a pull towards them, your very soul yearning for them. And in time, when the bonds of soul-mates is consummated, a great gift will be bestowed upon you. But that is for another time."

Smiling gently at the Hybrids surrounding her, she turned and began walking away.

"Come. There is much for you to do before you set off on your journey to Rivendell."

~*~*~*~ The Crossing of Worlds ~*~*~*~
Harry sat atop his horse, frozen in awe as he peered down into the valley that held the city of Rivendell. Waterfalls leaked from numerous crevices within the high mountainous walls of the gorge. Over the rocky ridge, a sliver of the sun peeked out and lit up the land. Trees glistened thanks to the morning dew in the light. The valley itself exuded peace and tranquillity. Harry had never felt such calm, not even in Lady Galadriel’s forest.

"Wow! And I thought Lothlórien was beautiful," Fred mused.

"No kidding!" George said.

Harry laughed, "I guess that's what you get for living like a hermit for a while. You miss out on all the good stuff."

He received a quick slap to the back of his head for his troubles. He turned to see that it was Severus who had dealt the blow.

"Stop lolly-gagging Harry, you can enjoy the view later," Severus spoke with a smirk.

"Oh leave him be Sevvie, you know you were doing exactly the same as him," Sirius laughed before kicking his horse into a gallop.

"DON'T CALL ME SEVVIE!" Severus shouted, chasing after the other Hybrid.

Harry chuckled before racing after them, driving his horse at a breakneck speed to catch up to the rest. His cloak flew behind him in the wind as their laughter rang through the air over the snorts and panting of horses followed due to the reckless pace that were forced upon the creatures.

Sirius led the way as they passed gates of the city. Following the main path, they slowed to a brisk trot as they approached the palace of the ruling Elf Lord. The Elves they passed watched in confusion and speculation as they passed them.

Soon they came upon the entrance to the palace and passed through unannounced, as fewer guards seemed to be paying them attention, like they didn't believe that the five weary travellers were any harm upon their borders.

Coming to a halt at the steps, they swung themselves off their horses. Despite his Elf-like grace, Sirius still got his foot caught on a stirrup and landed with a thud on his back.

Severus looked down as the dust settled around the fallen man, he laid his arms crossed on the saddle and smirked, "Down in the dust, perfect for a mutt like you, eh Black."

The trio of younger Hybrids laughed at both men, Sirius lay blushing in the dirt. The man rolled his eyes and brushed himself off. He flicked them the bird before looking up at see an Elf and a man walking towards them.

The Elf’s dark brown hair was held back by a silver circlet, symbolizing he was a true Elf Lord and the majestic red of his robe enhancing his refined features. He seemed to have seen many of years from the look of age, wisdom and weariness in his eyes.

The grey, elderly man leaned against his twisted knot wooden staff. His hair and beard greying but his eyes spoke volumes of power and magic, as well as the knowledge that came with age. The old wizard smiled knowingly at the Hybrids, sensing the magic and power that they held.
The Elf Lord smiled at them.

"Welcome to Rivendell my friends. My name is Elrond, Lord of this fine city."

"And I am Gandalf the Grey, istari, I welcome you my brethren," Gandalf said, nodding his head of them.

Severus came to a standstill before them first nodding his head, "I am Severus, son of Tobias,"

Sirius stood beside his classmate, "I am Sirius, son of Orion,"

Fred and George grinned mischievously and spoke together, "We are Fred and George, son of Arthur,"

"And I am Harry, son of James,"

Lord Elrond smiled at the five before sweeping his hand to beckon them into the castle.

"You are most welcome here in our fine city. I have seen your arrival, you are greatly received in this dark hour. Though I do not know the true reason as to why you have travelled here from Lothlórien," Elrond stated, somewhat confused by his vision.

"Do not always fall true to your visions Elf Lord, the future is not always set in stone. The slightest change in the wind may change everything and so too shall our arrival," Harry stated.

The Elf Lord nodded and Gandalf looked inquisitively at the young Hybrid. But the old istari spoke none of his questions, knowing that he would not answer them willingly to someone he did not know or trust.

Reaching into his pockets, Severus pulled out a large scroll and gave it to Elrond, "A missive from Lady Galadriel, my Lord,"

Elrond unrolled the scroll and scanned the message quickly, his eyebrows rising on his forehead from the message within.

He rolled the scroll up and nodded, "Very well, I shall help on your quest. Come, tonight you shall rest. For tomorrow is a new day and the Council will congregate to determine whose fate it shall be to bear the Ring of Sauron,"
Footsteps rang through the empty corridors of the Elven Palace as Harry made his way through the many halls that resided within the House of Elrond. The sun was beginning to set over the gorge, descending the city into darkness at the twilight.

"There is no strength in the world of Man. They are scattered, divided, leaderless."

Harry paused mid step at the words that echoed from the door he had just passed. Silently, he walked back from to the door to eavesdrop.

'Is the world of Man truly in such disarray that Lord Elrond would condemn them so much,' Harry thought.

Elrond's silent companion began to respond.

"There is one who could unite them. One who would reclaim the throne of Gondor," the companion, Gandalf stated.

A sigh rang through the air, letting Harry know that Elrond did not truly agree with the istari.

"He turned from that path a long time ago. He has chosen exile," Elrond claimed, his tone final.

Harry's breath hitched in his throat. Quickly yet silently, he left the doorway, not wanting to be caught eavesdropping. His heart was pounding in his chest as he rushed through the palace halls.

He stopped when he came to an open garden in the centre of the palace, a statue present on the other side, hidden in the darkness.

Harry sighed and sat on the railing edge with his back to the garden and looked up at the brilliant moon that shone full and bright.

He couldn't help but feel sorry for the man whose life was already chosen for him; yet, the man was someone who could bring order back to the land of Middle-Earth. Now Harry knew what all the other's had felt when had looked to him as the 'Boy-Who-Lived'. And he hated that feeling.

Harry only hoped he could meet the man who was the Heir to the throne of Gondor.

Harry climbed the stairs until he reached the top. Emerald eyes widened at the statue of a woman that held the broken shards of a sword. The shards glistened in the moonlight, echoing the magical aura that seemed to radiate from the pieces of metal.

"You want to be remade don't you?" Harry whispered as he reached to caress the metal.
A hand shot out, grabbing his wrist.

Harry tensed before twisting out of the persons grip; he lunged trying to punch the person in the face.

His punch was blocked and grabbed before Harry was shoved against a wall and a hand began to choke him.

Harry tried clawing away at the hand holding him, kicking out his legs.

Cold, hard steel was pressed against his throat; Harry gulped at the blade that pressed harshly down on his throat.

Harry looked over at his attacker to see bright blue eyes staring down on him.

Fire coursed through his veins, through his very being as the blue eyes looked down on him as if trying to see his very soul.

The heat from the man's hands burned his skin but no mark was being left. It was more like the man was branding his very soul.

"Who are you? Why are you here?" the man growled.

The husky voice sent a shiver down Harry's spine. The sensual voice fogging up his mind with desire for the man.

Harry shook his head, clearing the fog.

"My family and I are guests of Lord Elrond. Our business is our own," Harry gasped through the hand on his throat.

He was suddenly released from the grasp, landing awkwardly on his feet. Harry rubbed his throat, releasing sparks of healing magic into the bruising muscle.

The man before him shuffled his feet awkwardly, "I apologise for attacking you. The Shards of Narsil are sacred to us."

"The Shards of Narsil?" Harry whispered, "Oh, forgive me. I did not recognise the blade. The energy just drew me forward."

The man raised an eyebrow but thought nothing more on the matter.

"I am Aragorn. And who might you be Elfling?" the man, Aragorn asked.

"My name is Harry and I am no Elfling. Why does everyone think that? I'm not that bloody short!" Harry grumbled.

Aragorn chuckled before sitting, "I meant it by your age Harry as you would be considered by the Elves, though you are short."

Harry just grumbled and pouted, sitting next to the man. Aragorn grabbed his pipe and put it in his mouth. Before Aragorn could light it up, Harry sent a flicker of ember of fire into the pipe. The bright burst scared Aragorn enough that he let out an unmanly squeal and he jumped from his seat, landing on the floor and on his back.

Harry laughed, clutching his stomach. The look on Aragorn's face was priceless.
His chuckles began to lessen, but the grin remained.

Aragorn just sighed and shook his head, chuckling softly at his embarrassment.

"You are a strange Elf, I'll give you that," Aragorn chuckled.

"Hybrid."

"What?" Aragorn exclaimed.

“I’m a Hybrid - part Elf, part Human,” Harry explained, “My family and I were born Human but with magical powers, we were called Wizards in our world before we also became half Elf when we pass over to this dimension.”

“Are you immortal?” Aragorn asked, tilting his head.

“No. Much to the Twins’ dismay. What they wouldn’t give to have an eternity of pranking people!” Harry chuckled leaning back in his seat.

Aragorn looked at him, his sapphire blue eyes looking deeply into Harry’s emerald eyes, searching for something within the emerald depths.

“And you?”

Harry blushed, trying to not examine the question for his own assumptions.

“I’m happy with just one life time; this is my second chance at a happier life time. I want to actually live this life the way I want to and hopefully some madman won’t ruin this for me a second time.”

The shock in Aragorn’s eyes was evident to all but a blind man.

Pushing away his morbid thoughts, Harry heard the distant howl of Padfoot on the wind.

“Forgive me but I must go. My godfather is looking for me,” Harry stated, standing up.

Aragorn stood and reached for Harry’s left hand. Harry allowed the touch, his face heating up slightly.

“Until next time then Harry,” Aragorn said in a husky voice, bestowing a light kiss on the back of Hybrid’s hand.

Harry’s blush darkened as his hand was released. He coughed; cover his face with a curtain of hair.

“Let us hope that that time is not too far away,” Harry said softly, beginning to descend the stairs with one last glance at Aragorn.

“As do I, Little One,” Aragorn whispered, returning to his seat.

Heartbeats pounded in his ears as Harry descended the stairs.

ARAGORN. ARAGORN. The name rushed through his thoughts, as if his very being was Harry’s sole reason for existing.

MY MATE.

A smile brimmed to his face, almost glowing with happiness. Harry had felt all that the man was
when their eyes had met and he had loved all that he had seen.

Harry turned for one last glance at Aragorn, only to stop at what he saw.

Another man stood by the Shards of Narsil, only to reach out and grab the hilt of the once-mighty sword.

Anger radiated from Aragorn as he watched the Man.

“The Shards of Narsil,” the man spoke, grasping the hilt of the sword within his hands, “The blade that cut the Ring from Sauron’s hand. Still sharp.”

The man finally seemed to register the angry sapphire gaze upon him; the man twitched before throwing the sword to the ground.

“No more than a broken heirloom,” the man grunted walking away.

Harry bit his lip, unsure of what to do as he watched his mate bend down to retrieve the fallen sword. A thrum of sadness and guilt flowed through the slight connection between them.

Harry started to walk back towards the stairs.

“Aah!” Harry cried, clutching his head.

A dark icy spike stabbed away at his mental defences. The pain sent him shuddering to his knees.

Fear spread through Harry at the thought that his mate could be in danger as well.

He looked up, only to lock eyes with the cold, dark eyes of Lady Arwen as she glared down on him with anger and hatred in her eyes. She smirked darkly at Harry before adopting the perfect poker face, turning towards Aragorn who had replaced the sword upon the pedestal and lowered his head in respect.

"Why do you fear the past? You are Isildur's heir, not Isildur himself. You are not bound to his fate," Arwen proclaimed.

Aragorn’s entire expression was replaced by a look full of fear and sadness to his own personal ghosts that were forced to the surface by the Elven witch’s words.

The look tore at Harry’s heart.

"The same blood flows through my veins. The same weakness," Aragorn said softly, turning to face Arwen.

Harry tried to move forward to help his mate, but felt locked in place by a dark and evil energy as Arwen strode forward to step into Aragorn’s personal space.

"Your time will come. You will face the same evil and you will defeat it."

Her voice softened as she changed to the Elven tongue, "The Shadow does not hold sway yet. Not over you . . . not over me."

Harry tried to fight against the dark magic holding him back, only to stop and truly look at the man’s eyes and see the adoration held within for the Elven woman in front of him. He could not compete with that, not if it was source behind his mate’s true happiness.
Before he could stop himself, Harry ran from the corridor in tears, not knowing of the soft gasp and
stare that fell from his mate who had turned to see him leave, as he ran away into the dark corridors.

A soft but dark whisper rang on the air, "**Do not follow him. He is not your mate, I am. Don't you**
**think so,**" Arwen whispered as the darkness swirled stronger around them as she placed a hand on
his chest.

The darkness flowed into the man's body, the man gasped once again and the life the eyes once held,
turned dull as the spell held stronger onto his mind.

"Yes," he intoned.

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Harry ran and ran before bumping into someone, sending them both tumbling to the ground.
Looking over, Harry saw that he had bumped into the old wizard.

"Oh, I am so sorry Gandalf. I didn't see you," Harry cried as he rushed to help the old man up.

Gandalf shook his head to clear it before looking up at him with a small smile on his face.

"It is quite alright young one; judging by the tears in your eyes, I would say that your mind was
clearly not worried about where you were walking. Do you wish to talk about it?" Gandalf asked
softly,, placing hand on young Hybrid’s shoulder.

Harry looked up with sad yet hopeful emerald eyes before more tears fell and he grabbed the old
man in a hug. He began whispering his tale to the old wizard, who let the young man spill all his
troubles out for only him to know.

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The silence reigned as the Council waited for Lord Elrond to begin the Meeting of the Ring.

Harry eyes wandered around the circle of people who had come to the congregation.

He sat next Gandalf who had Frodo on his right side, protecting the young Hobbit from the danger
or threats that may arise due to the procession. Elves from Mirkwood, Dwarves from the mountains
and Men from the lower lands sat around the circle, all-whispering softly among their own kind.

Harry could feel the blue eyes of his mate staring at him. Aragorn’s eyes bore into him yet Harry did
not dare look up in the fear of tears threatening to fall.

A hand rested on his right shoulder bringing him from his morbid thoughts. He looked up and saw Gandalf looking down at him with worry and sadness in his eyes.

"My heart and soul yearns for something it cannot have, it will take time to learn and heal from the truth. Do not worry about me Gandalf, I will be fine," Harry thought to the old man telepathically.

Gandalf nodded and his eyes returned to the middle of the Circle where Elrond was now standing up tall, ready to begin the meeting.

"Strangers of distant lands. Friends of old. You've been summoned here to answer the threat of Mordor. Middle Earth stands upon the brink of destruction. None can escape it. You will unite or you will fall. Each race is bound to this fate, this one doom," Elrond stated upon the council, daring them to speak before he turned his eyes upon the young Hobbit, "Bring forth the ring Frodo."

With the gesture from the Elf Lord, Frodo stood and walked slowly as if bringing his own doom to the light. There, upon the pedestal in the middle of the circle, did he place the One Ring of Sauron.

A hush of whispers circled the meeting, all muttering about the evil the ring possessed or using it for their own gain. Harry gritted his teeth and looked to his left to see Severus also looking angry at the words being whispered. Sirius seemed not to be listening as he stared at one of the men in the circle. Fred and George also seemed to only hold eyes for the same Elf present in the council.

"Looks like they have found their mates," Harry thought to Severus who looked up and saw the same thing he did.

"Why am I not surprised that they found theirs so soon? Be glad we have not or we would also be distracted by our own mates in this quest, we do not need distractions if we want to live to see the rest of our lives with our mates Harry," Severus thought back to him, onyx eyes catching emerald.

Harry looked down as he felt the blood rush from his face, leaving him pale.

"You have found your mate as well, have you not?" Severus thought softly, placing a hand over Harry's left hand.

"Yes, but he will never accept me as long he has only eyes for the Lord's Daughters," Harry thought, squeezing the hand back, holding onto one person he could always rely on to hold onto him when he cried.

Harry felt the anger burn in the man's mind. He was just glad that he hadn't pointed out who his mate was to the Potions Master, for the ex-Death Eater would truly prove why how good he was at torturing people.

A whisper rang through the air, silencing all.

"So it is true," the son of the Steward of Gondor, Boromir spoke as if looking at the greatest treasure in the whole of Middle Earth, "It is a gift."

Standing up, Boromir began to address the council, "A gift to the foes of Mordor. Why not use this ring? Long has my father, the Steward of Gondor, kept the forces of Mordor at bay, by the blood of our people, while your lands are kept safe. Give Gondor the weapon of the enemy, let us use it against him."

Severus chuckled darkly at the man.
Boromir turned his eyes upon the wizard, "And what is so funny?"

"That you think you could possibly wield it. It is pure evil, fuelled by the dark fires of Mount Doom. Only death and darkness would fall upon you and your people if you were to wield it," Severus spoke.

"And you know of this how?" Boromir growled.

A cry rang through the circle, breaking up the glaring contest between the fuming Potions Master and Gondorian. Harry looked up and paled further when he realised that the cry came from his own mate.

"You cannot wield it. None of us can. The One Ring answers to Sauron alone. It has no other Master," Aragorn stated.

Boromir stalked over to face the man, "And what would a Ranger know of that?"

The Elf, who Fred and George only had eyes for, stood up to defend him.

"This is no Ranger. He is Aragorn, son of Arathorn. You owe him your allegiance," Legolas, the Elven Prince of Mirkwood, stated.

With disbelief in his eyes, Boromir turned his eyes upon Aragorn, "Aragorn . . . This is Isildur's heir?"

"And Heir to the throne of Gondor," Legolas stated, levelling his eyes on Boromir.

"Sit down, Legolas," Aragorn spoke in the Elvish tongue.

Listening to reason and his friend, Legolas sat down but his glare still sat upon Boromir.

Boromir turned his cold eyes upon Aragorn and sneered, "Gondor has no King. Gondor needs no King," before sitting upon his seat in the circle.

Gandalf sighed and spoke his words, "Aragorn is right. We cannot use it."

Lord Elrond spoke loud and true to the council, "You have only one choice. The ring must be destroyed."

One of the dwarves stood from his seat and grabbed an axe, "What are we waiting for?" before going to attack the ring.

Harry leapt from his seat and raised a hand, letting the magic flow through his veins and unleashed it upon the unsuspecting dwarf.

The axe was taken from the dwarf's hand and lifted higher so no one could reach it. The very air seemed to quiver around the axe, alerting all to those who stared in shock of the power radiating from it.

With a swing of hand, Harry sent it flying away from them, where it embedded itself into a nearby tree.

All eyes turned upon him, as the air seemed to quiver around his body.

"Do you not think, Master Dwarf, that many have tried and failed that already? You could have endangered everyone in this council if you had attacked the ring, no one knows of how it could have
reacted. No craft by magical or mortal means can destroy it," Harry growled at the dwarf.

"Lord Harry, calm thyself. However he is right, Gimli, son of Gloin, the ring cannot be destroyed by any craft we hear possess. The ring was made in the fires of Mount Doom. Only then can it be unmade. It must be taken to Mordor and cast back into the fiery chasm from whence it came. One of you must do this," Elrond spoke.

Silence reigned through the circle as the Elf Lord's words sunk in.

Boromir sighed angrily, "One does not simply walk into Mordor. Its black gates are guarded by more than just Orcs; there is evil there that does not sleep. The Great Eye is ever watchful. It is a barren wasteland, riddled with fire and ash and dust. The very air you breathe is a poisonous fume. Not with 10,000 men could you do this. It is folly."

With a growl, Legolas stood up and confronted the man, "Have you heard nothing Lord Elrond just said? The ring must be destroyed!"

"And I suppose you think you're the one to do it?" Gimli rumbled.

"And if we fail, what then? What happens when Sauron takes back what is his?" Boromir cried.

"I will be dead before I see the Ring in the hands of an Elf!" Gimli cried.

Every man, elf and dwarf then stood and the air seemed to quake with the arguments being tossed back and forth. Harry sighed and rubbed the bridge of his nose, feeling a headache coming on.

"You think if an argument got us anywhere, the Ring would have been destroyed centuries ago," Harry grumbled.

The small Hobbit, Frodo looked at him and laughed at his morbid humour. A small smile now present on the Hobbit's face.

"Any idea how to shut them up then?" Frodo countered with a laugh.

Harry smirked at the mischievous young Hobbit, "I like how you think. I do know a silencing spell."

The smile on Frodo's face turned into an evil smirk and he nodded at the wizard.

Harry stood up and spread his arms wide, before bringing them together in a ringing clap, releasing the magic within. The wave of magic passed through each member of the council, silencing each and every argument.

Confused and scared, the now silent members of the council looked around for the power that had deemed them silent.

Harry brought his fingers to his mouth and blew a thrill and high-pitched whistle. Many of the members of the council brought their hands up to their ears wincing at the sharp noise.

All eyes turned to him.

"Seriously, you are grown men, probably twice my age and you are all acting like petty children squabbling over the same bloody toy!" Harry cried.

All the men looked down ashamed at their actions being brought to light by the young hybrid.

"This argument will bring us nothing but false answers and petty rivalries between allies. We need a
union not a battle between ourselves, not with Sauron's forces attacking the surrounding lands as we speak," Harry cried, "This is not something I would expect of hardened soldiers and war veterans. We need to make a decision and your petty squabbling is getting us nowhere."

A soft voice spoke from behind him, "I will take it . . . I will take it!"

Harry turned to see Frodo standing up tall for his stature but his face and voice made the effect less than imposing, "I will take the Ring to Mordor. Though I do not know the way."

Sighing, Harry snapped his fingers, letting the magic fade away, allowing the others to now speak.

Gandalf nodded at the hybrid and smiled, before walking towards Frodo, "I will help you bear this burden, Frodo Baggins. As long as it is yours to bear."

Aragorn stepped forward, "If by my life or death, I can protect you. I will," he kneeled before the Hobbit, "You have my sword."

Following in the Ranger's footsteps, Legolas stepped forward, "And you have my bow."

"And my axe," Gimli spoke as he strode forward.

Harry looked to his brothers and father figures and watched as they nodded at him to lead, "Along with our magic and swords," Harry spoke, allowing for Severus, Sirius, Fred and George to follow on.

Frodo smiled at him brightly, glad for his assistance from the young wizard hybrid, "Thank you Harry."

Boromir strode forward to look upon the group before his eyes settled on the Hobbit, "You carry the fate of us all little one. If this is indeed the will of the Council, then Gondor will see it done."

A rustling from the bushes caught them off guard, Sam popped out the bushes, "Hey!" he rushed to Frodo's side and crossed his arms, "Mr. Frodo isn't going anywhere without me."

"No indeed, it is near impossible to separate the two of you even when he is summoned to a secret council and you are not," Elrond said slightly shocked at the intrusion.

"Oi! We're coming too!" two voice cried as Merry and Pippin ran out from behind two columns and joining the group.

"You'd have to send us home tied up in a sack to stop us!" Merry cried, reaching Frodo's side.

Fred and George laughed, grinning at each other mischievously.

"Oh we,"

"Can easily,"

"Organise it,"

"If we need to,"

"And very happily,"

"As well," the twins finished in unison.
Merry gulped and slowly back away from the Twins who shared a very evil smirk.

"Anyway, you need people of intelligence on this sort of mission . . . quest . . . thing." Pippin began to only finish as a tumble of words.

Merry looked at him in exasperation, "Well that rules you out Pip."

The twins laughed again, before looking at each other with the greatest grins on their faces, "Oh we are going to like them!"

Legolas looked down at Harry and asked, "Are they always like that?"

"Trust me when I say that is when they are being normal. They are one soul, just with two mouth pieces. Just be wary of anything they give you," Harry warned and laughed at the shocked expression on the Elf's face.

"Oh Harry you wound us."

Elrond strode towards the group and looked upon them, "Fourteen companions. So be it. You shall be the Fellowship of the Ring."

"Great where are we going?" Pippin asked, only to receive laughter at his words.

“What? What did I say?”
The Journey Begins

Harry strode slowly through the corridors of the Rivendell Palace. His thoughts heavy with the quest they were about to embark upon. Footsteps behind him broke through his intended silence.

Curious he turned to see the four Hobbits that would be joining them on their quest were running towards him. Frodo was leading the charge, his eyes intent upon reaching Harry. Halting, Harry waited for the young Halflings to catch up to him.

"I'm sorry that we didn't get to be properly introduced earlier, but my name is Frodo Baggins," Frodo spoke, looking up at him with awe in his eyes, "These are my friends and companions, Samwise Gamgee," the bigger Hobbit nodded at him with a small smile, "Meriadoc Brandybuck, also known as Merry, and Perigrin Took, also known as Pippin," Frodo pointed to the two grinning Hobbits, who scarily reminded Harry of his own Twin companions.

"It is a pleasure to meet you all, my name is Lord Hadrian, Son of James, but you may call me Harry" Harry stated, bowing slightly.

Frodo stepped forward as Harry stood up fully, "I wished to thank you for your help in the Council meeting earlier. I do not think I would have had the courage to speak up like that without it."

Harry shook his head at the young Hobbit, "You may be small of stature Master Frodo but you have a big heart, one full of courage and bravery. Though you may not see it, you could have done it today without my help. Do not question that."

The young Hybrid looked to the other three Hobbits, “I wish to talk to Frodo alone if you don’t mind.”

Sam, Merry and Pippin nodded before walking down the corridor and out of sight.

Harry sighed before looking back at the young Ring Bearer.

“"I know what it is like to have a great burden like this placed upon your shoulders Frodo, to be seen as the only hope to a better future for all,” Harry explained.

Surprise covered Frodo’s face, “How?”

Harry smiled sadly, “I'm not originally from this world Frodo. Back in my world, there was a dark wizard who had tried to rule over all magical and non-magical folk. He wanted to purge our world so only those who were ‘Pureblood’ had all the power and all the rights, while all the rest were beneath them.”

Frodo sat down, struggling to take it all in.

Another world? Why did Harry have anything to do with this Dark Wizard?

“I still don’t understand Harry – why you?”

“There was a prophecy made – one that would determine who won the war – the one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches . . . born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies . . . and the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal, but he will have the power the Dark Lord knows not . . . and either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives . . . the one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord will be born as the seventh
month dies,” Harry replied.

He sighed, sitting down next to Frodo, “The Dark Lord found out and targeted my family. My father died trying to buy my mother and I time to escape and my mother begged for my life to be spared in exchange for hers. She died in sacrifice before he finally turned to me. He tried to kill me but the spell back-fired, ‘killing’ him instead and leaving me with nothing but a lightning-bolt shaped scar on my forehead.”

Harry felt Frodo’s eyes linger on the pale scar not quite hidden by his hair.

“The rest of the Wizarding World found out and I was dubbed the ‘Boy-Who-Lived’,” Harry stated softly.

Frodo grabbed his hand, squeezing it softly. Harry smiled at the understanding gesture.

“There is so much more that I could tell you but I would be at it for years – so long story short, the Dark Lord came back to life and a second war began. For 3 years, the war went on until I realized I would have to sacrifice myself to stop him, but the man who had tried to teach and protect me was also using me and manipulating me to be that sacrifice.”

Harry cast his eyes down onto Frodo, his haunted emerald eyes holding the young Hobbit’s gaze.

“I will not see that happen to you Frodo. I swear it upon my magic and the Valar that I will not let you become a sacrifice to this war like I had to.”

Frodo blushed and nodded at Harry, “Thank you Harry.”

Harry looked out to the horizon to the see the sun setting behind the peaks. He turned to his friend and nodded.

"It is becoming late and we must pack if we are to leave at dawn. Good evening to you, young Master Hobbit,"

Harry turned on his heel before walking back into the darkening corridors of the Palace.

~*~*~ The Crossing of Worlds ~*~*~

Bags hung heavy upon his back as Harry made his way down the steps to stand before the rest of the Fellowship.

Sirius clapped him on the back as Harry joined the others who stood in the circle.

“Nice of you to finally join us Bambi,” Sirius chuckled.

Harry blushed at the endearment, sending a glare at the grinning Sirius for trying to embarrass him in front of the others.

Frodo giggled at his blush, making Harry go an even darker red.
“Oh leave the lad be, he can’t help that is so short that he is still considered a child,” Severus said, smirking at Harry.

Said Hybrid glared at his brethren as they laughed at his plight.

“Just you watch it or you might just find that you’ve been hexed bald and hanging from a tree by your ears.”

The growled words made all four of them gulp at his threat, knowing that Harry would stay true to his word. Both Sirius and Severus watched in awe of Harry – his reaction had been just like that of Lily when she had fallen victim to one of the Marauder’s pranks. She always gave back as good as she got.

Harry smirked and turned away from them, making his way towards Gandalf.

But not before one last parting shot.

“Sleep with one eye open tonight boys.”

Gandalf chuckled at the young Hybrids’ antics. The tension had risen from the group as they had watched on but many had let chuckles escape; the five Hybrids were an endless source of amusement.

“Gentlemen, I believe it is time we depart.”

The Fellowship began to comply with the istari’s words, one-by-one grabbing their bags and weapons and hoisting them upon their backs.

Dawn peaked over the gorge and upon the Elven city.

Harry glanced back at the palace to see Lord Elrond walking towards him.

“I thank you, Lord Elrond, for your hospitality. If the Valar deems it so, I will return once again to this fine city,” Harry stated, bowing low to the Elven Lord.

“Your thanks is noted but not needed Lord Hadrian, you are about to embark on a journey that no one else in all Middle-Earth has the strength, courage and hope to do so,” Elrond stated.

Harry laughed, “I think Severus would call that my ‘reckless, fool-hardy, saving-people’ complex. I always seem to rush head on into trouble, even though I still swear that trouble finds me instead.”

The Elf nodded, “Then try not to forget your snake side as well Young One.”

He gaped at the Elf; unable to respond to what he had thought was hidden inside himself.

Elrond looked over at the Fellowship, his wise eyes betraying the worry and anxiety he seemed to be hiding inside.

“I- I wish for you watch over Estel for me,” Elrond asked quietly, turning to Harry.

Harry tilted his head in confusion, “Who?”

The Elf sighed, “Aragorn has been my ward and son since he was two years old. To myself, my family and the people of Rivendell, he will always be Estel.”

Haunted eyes looked down on Harry, the depth inside the dark grey eyes drawing Harry in.
“Many visions have haunted my mind as of late, your presence haunting them just as much as Estel. His path now has two roads – one leading to his true happiness and the other to much sorrow and pain that it will consume him.”

The young Hybrid could only blink in surprise at the millennia old Elf.

“To whether he lives through this war or not, this I cannot see,” Elrond stated, “But I ask you; no, I beg of you, please watch over my son.”

The Elf’s words struck a chord in Harry’s heart.

He could see the bond between father and son was strong, one that Harry had always longed for.

He nodded at Lord Elrond, “I swear on my honour, my magic and my life that I will watch over and protect Estel if it is in my power to do so.”

A flash of warmth surround them as the Magic made the vow binding on Harry’s word.

A small smile flashed across the Elf’s face, “That is all I ask.”

Harry nodded before bowing low to the Elf.

“HARRY! Hurry up or you’ll get left behind!”

Said Hybrid whirled around to see that the rest of the Fellowship was already through the gate and about to step onto the path that would lead them out into the valley.

Harry laughed before running towards the others.

A surge of fiery magic surged through his body as he took a running leap into the air.

In a flash of fire, his body shifted, transforming into a sleek and lithe black panther. The wild cat’s emerald eyes glowing with excitement as fire coursed through his limbs, surging him forward with great speed.

As the black panther drew closer to the group, his eyes narrowed on one member before he took a flying leap at the man’s back.

The two figures collided, the momentum of the jump causing the man to fall flat on his face with a girly yelp.

Swords were drawn by Boromir and Aragorn, both expecting an attack.

Legolas drew his bow just as quickly, turning with the others, prepared to attack the unknown threat.

“Kuro! Get the hell off of me!” Sirius shouted.

His shout was slightly muffled as his face was pressed into the by the black panther sitting smugly on his back.

“What the devil is that giant beast?” Gimli cried eyes wide in wonder of the creature.

The creature’s emerald eyes rolled at the dwarf before stretching its feline form and walking forward, making sure to step on the back of Sirius’ head, pushing it back into the ground.

Fred and George grinned at the shocked expressions the Fellowship sported as they witness the
feline become Harry once again.

“That, my dear little dwarf, is Kuro – my Black Panther Animagus form,” Harry grinned.

((Cookies and special notice if you can guess what quote and movie I took it from – the previous sentence))

“Enough dilly-dallying, we must be off!” Gandalf cried, turning back to the path.

Gandalf lead the way through the valley with Legolas behind. The Twins followed, taking peeks at their blond mate, not even trying to hide their leering gaze from the others. Behind the Twins, the dwarf Gimli plodded along, with the four Hobbits not far behind him. Sirius, Severus and Harry followed with Boromir and Aragorn bringing up the rear of their traveling group.

Eyes wide at the beautiful world around him, Harry looked up at the looming peaks of the mountains. The beauty of Middle Earth, his new home, never ceased to stun him as they travelled through the rocky terrain at the base of the mountains

Sirius turned to Boromir, "So what is Gondor like?" he asked.

Boromir turned to the wizard and smiled, glad that someone on the journey still wanted to talk to him after his outburst with the Council.

"Gondor is a beautiful Kingdom, filled with mountain tops and grassy plains. But none of its beauty compares to the city of Minas Tirith – the White City," Boromir began.

Harry smile softly as he trudged on ahead, leaving the conversation between the two older men. He was glad for his Godfather that he was trying to make the most of the peaceful time they had to get to know his mate. Yet, part of Harry was still wary of the Gondorian for his reaction to the One Ring, they needed to be wary of the man for it seemed that the man’s mind could easily be swayed by the darkness.

'Please be careful Sirius. I do not want to see you get hurt,' Harry silently prayed to Padfoot.

Harry turned his head to glance at the looming presence of the man that walked beside him. Aragorn looked down at him with his steel-blue eyes, which brightened as their gaze fell on Harry. Harry blushed and looked down submissively, tearing his gaze from the older Man.

“Are you well Harry?” whispered Aragorn.

Harry glanced up, “As well as I can be.”

“I see,” Aragorn stated, “Then I apologize for anything I may have done for you to ignore me so.”

“You have done nothing wrong.”

“What is wrong then? Is there anything I can do?”

Harry tensed slightly at the Rangers’ words, “I can take care of myself.”

“Harry, I-“

Fire burned in his emerald eyes as Harry whirled onto Aragorn, his anger rolling off of him in waves. Aragorn took a step back, shocked at the anger.

“Do not assume, son of Arathorn, that I am some damsel in distress. I have looked after myself my
whole life – even when I was physically and mentally abused by my own Aunt and Uncle. I’ve fought a war and still lived to tell the tale,” Harry cried, pointing a finger in the man’s chest, “I have seen thing that would leave even you with nightmares so don’t expect me to just hide behind your shadow and wait for you to protect me.”

Scorn dripped from his words as Harry bowed low and sarcastically, “If you will excuse me, Your Majesty.”

Harry spun on his heel before running to catch up with Gandalf, who still lead the way, leaving a stunned, shocked and sad man behind him.

Harry puffed as he tried to catch his breath, walking beside the wise grey istari. Gandalf raised an eyebrow in question as the young Hybrid. He sighed and shook his head before showing the old man his memories of the conversation just moments ago. Time seemed to stand still as they continued on in silence while Gandalf watched on.

The soft whack on the back of his head was unexpected and Harry flinched at the movement.

"You truly are fool young Harry,” Gandalf spoke softly; "You are too quick to feel anger and to judge. Do not let your anger for Arwen be pushed onto Aragorn. He is your other half, your soul mate.”

Harry bowed his head in shame, "I know but I was truly hoping for happiness when I came here,”

"Then fight for your happiness. Fight whatever darkness clouds Aragorn's judgment and make him see that what he has always wanted is right under his nose. Let him see that it is the Emerald that will light his way," Gandalf spoke, “And that the Light of the Evenstar will be his doom.”

Gandalf laid a hand on the boy's shoulder and patted it.

"Things will sort itself out soon enough Harry, war changes everything and everyone. Peace will reign once again – you’ll see."

Harry nodded at the old man and smiled softly, before turning his gaze on the path before him.

A rocky hilltop became their resting place along their journey. Gandalf sighed before calling out to the group.

“We will rest here for now. Be on your guard.”

The others stopped in their own little groups, resting their weary feet.

"We must hold this course west to the Misty Mountains for forty days. If our luck holds, the Gap of Rohan will still be open to us. From there our road turns east, to Mordor," Gandalf told him.

Harry nodded as he took a plate of food from Sam thankfully. He moved to sit beside Fred and George as they watched Merry and Pippin receive commands from Boromir as he taught the Hobbits how to use a sword. The soft clang of metal rang through the group. Harry smiled at the enthusiasm the two showed as they fought.

Emerald eyes turned to see Aragorn sitting across the small clearing, watching on but his steel-blue gaze looked up every so often to glance at Harry. A slight blush appeared on Aragorn’s face, almost embarrassed at being caught looking upon the youngest Hybrid.

Harry smiled at the man before returning to his food.
In the corner of his eye, he saw Aragorn smile slightly back before continuing to smoke his pipe.

An indignant cry rang through the air as Gimli began to complain. ‘Again.’ Harry thought, rolling his eyes at the grumpy dwarf.

"If anyone was asking for my opinion, which I know they are not, I would say we are taking the long way round. Gandalf, we could pass through the Mines of Moria. My cousin Balin would give us a royal welcome," Gimli spoke.

Gandalf stopped smoking to halt the dwarf's words

"No Gimli, I will not take the roads of Moria unless I have no other choice,"

Harry shivered at the tone that Gandalf spoke before turning to see Fred and George snickering away as they watch the two Hobbits practicing with Boromir.

"What did you do?" Harry asked.

Fred and George looked at him innocently. Like the look ever worked on those two!

"Why brother dearest -"

"Do you-"

"Always assume-"

"That we have-"

"Done something?"

Harry shook his head, "Joke shop?"

The duo grinned.

Boromir stopped quickly as he realized that he had nicked Pippin's hand by accident.

"Ah sorry," the Gondorian cried, reaching for the Hobbit.

Pippin kicked him in the leg viciously (as he could for a Hobbit). Boromir jumped at the kick before being attacked by Merry at the back of his leg, sending him down to the ground where Merry and Pippin both jumped on him, trying to hold him down and attack Boromir, with shouts ringing from them, "For the Shire! Hold him! Hold him down!"

Harry, Sirius, Aragorn, Fred and George looked on in laughter, as Boromir soon joined them in laughter. Severus just watched on, his lip twitching in amusement.

The group was brought from their musings as Sam looked over at the clouds to see a dark patch in the sky coming towards them.

"What is that?" he asked as he pointed it out to them.

"Nothing, it’s just a whiff of cloud," Gimli dismissed.

Boromir stood up with Merry and Pippin still in his arms, "It's moving too fast for a cloud and against the wind,"
Legolas shouted, "Crebain, from Dunland!"

"HIDE!" Gandalf shouted, grabbing his own bags.

Harry rushed to the fires, putting out the fires with his magic, leaving no traces of smoke before grabbing his bags and sword. Quickly, he rushed over to Frodo and pushed him under one of the rocks, leaping in behind him. Aragorn soon followed, pushing his body into a protective position in front of Harry and Frodo.

"Severus, use the Earth!" Harry cried cryptically.

Aragorn looked back at him in confusion before the Earth moved beneath him and he looked back to see vines growing swiftly and fast in front of him, covering over the rock to prevent anyone from looking in.

Harry closed his eyes in concentration, // Is everyone hidden? // he asked telepathically to the other Hybrids.

//Boromir, Merry and Pippin and I are safe. // Sirius answered.

//As are Legolas, Gimli and Gandalf. // Severus spoke.

//Don't worry about us! // the Twins cried mentally.

Harry let out a sigh of relief just as the Crebain began to pass overhead. The cry of the creatures rang through the clearing as they loomed in their formation.

It seemed like hours before they went on their way.

The vines slowly moved back into the earth, releasing them from their hiding places.

Harry nodded at the others as he, Sirius, Severus, Fred and George created a protective circle around the group, their senses now on high alert, magic humming in the air.

“Remind me not to get on their bad sides,” Boromir stated softly as he looked upon the five Hybrids.

Harry grinned before looking over at Aragorn, “Think I still need to be protected now?”

"This path is no longer safe. It is being watched. Where now Gandalf?" Severus asked, interrupting the rest of their conversation.

"We must take the Pass of Caradhras," Gandalf spoke before looking up at the mountain looming overhead.

~*~*~ The Crossing of Worlds ~*~*~

"For once, I agree with the bloody dwarf! I hate elves!" Sirius cried out, his voice almost smothered by the roaring ice-cold mountain wind.
Severus, Harry and the twins silently agreed while they watched Legolas stand atop the snow, seeming as light as a feather, as the rest tried to walk through the snow that was half way up their chests. Their movements slow and weak as they made their way across the mountaintop.

Harry shivered as the wind bit into his skin. He could feel Frodo shivering on his back as he carried him through the snow. He looked behind to see Fred and George carrying Merry and Pippin on their backs while Boromir carried Sam.

Frodo’s shivering increased with every caress of the frozen wind. Harry closed his eyes and let his inner fire envelope both their bodies.

Frodo gasped at the sudden warmth that coursed through his body and radiated from Harry’s form. The young Hobbit latched onto him even tighter, not wanting any of the blessed warmth to escape.

"T-thanks," Frodo whispered with a chatter of his teeth.

Harry grasped Frodo’s hands, squeezing them reassuringly.

"What is that?" Sirius cried, "There is voice in the air!"

Harry turned to his godfather before beginning to hear the words as well. The voice, coated with magic, filled the air; it echoed with darkness and evil.

A strike of lightning rang through the air as Harry looked up and an avalanche of rock and snow could be seen rushing down towards them.

"SIRIUS - NOW!"

The two thrummed with magic and power as a shield of air and fire came out of nowhere, the snow and rock rammed into the shield only to be stopped and pushed over the edge of the cliff face. Harry and Sirius gasped for breath as the sudden intense loss of energy. The rest of the group (not counting Severus, Fred and George) looked at the two in shock and surprise.

Severus glowed with green energy, stabilizing and strengthening the rock they stood on.

The path along the mountain was no longer safe, as they were also being watched this way.

Aragorn and Boromir were soon arguing amongst themselves about which path they should take.

"If we cannot go over the mountain, let us go under it. Let us go through the Mines of Moria," Gimli offered in the argument.

Gandalf listened on, unusually silent. His haunting silence sent worry and fear through Harry.

"Let the Ring Bearer decide," Gandalf proclaims.

Harry gasped in shock and looked back at the young Hobbit still latched onto his back. Frodo looked at him, his eyes brimming with fear. They were clearly asking for Harry to tell him what to do.

Harry shook his head and sent him a telepathic message, // I cannot help you decide. Choose what you feel is right. //

"Frodo?" Gandalf asked.

Frodo gulped before speaking true, "We will go through the Mines."
Gandalf's eyes turned dark and hardened, they stared down on the Hobbit with an air of finality in his gaze and in his next words.

"So be it."
Fog clouded the air as they trekked further on into the dark, dank valley that lead to the Mines of Moria. Harry shivered at the cold wind that slowly drifted through, chilling him to the bone. The sensation sent a morbid thrill through his body. Like death was in the air.

Gandalf lead the way as they walked along the edge of, what could only be called, a small lake. The path was damp and slippery. Frodo slipped slightly into the water, gasping in shock before righting himself.

Gandalf stopped to look at a section of the blank rock face, muttering to himself about moonlight and the stars.

As the clouds passed over, the full moon was revealed, its silvery-white light falling down into the darkness. The Doors of Moria glowed to reveal themselves to their weary eyes, giving them a little hope in the darkness. They watched on as Gandalf looked up at the words etched around the glowing markings of the door.

"It reads, *The Doors of Durin, Lord of Moria: speak ‘friend’ and enter,"* Gandalf stated.

The group sat around the edge of the valley as they watched Gandalf try and try again to open the doors. Yet with each passing minute, the attempts seemed futile to all and their hopes began to dwindle.

Sam and Aragorn stood on the edge of the group, letting Bill the Pony go as ‘the Mines were no place for a pony’, or at least that is what Aragorn told Sam.

The plops of rock hitting water, echoed through the area as Merry and Pippin kept themselves entertained by throwing rocks into the water, disturbing the silence and peace of the water by the ripples that followed.

Just as Pippin was about to throw another rock, Aragorn grabbed his arm. The look on his face showed much wariness and almost anger at the Hobbit before turning his gaze out to the water. A look of fear flashing across the man’s rugged face before being hidden behinds its cold mask.

"Do not disturb the water!" Aragorn stated, before letting the Hobbit go.

Nearby, Gandalf muttered to himself once again as he threw his staff down and took his hat off his head, his resolution dissolving as much as his hope to open the door.

Harry looked up from his fire manipulations to glance at Gandalf, the small fire wolves running about above his hands. The images were at least entertaining to him and Frodo.
"I hate riddles," Sirius whined as he leaned against a rock face.

"Only because you are too dumb to figure it out," Severus teased mockingly.

"Hey!" Sirius cried out indignantly.

"He got you there, mate," Fred chuckled while George just snickered.

Harry snickered on as well at his Godfather's outburst. Yet one of Sirius’ words spoke out to him.

"Riddles?" Harry whispered before standing up to face the door.

All but Aragorn and Boromir turned to look at him. The two Men were watching warily as the water rippled with movement from the beneath the surface of the lake. The two grabbed the pommels of their swords, ready to draw arms at any moment.

"It's a riddle," Harry whispers, looking at the door.

Frodo stood up, walking to stand beside him, "Speak friend and enter? Gandalf, what is the Elvish word for 'friend'?

"Mellon."

The creak and groan of old stone door hinges rang through the air as the Doors of Moria opened.

Sirius cried out in happiness, “Finally!”

Severus just sighed and rushed to catch up.

Darkness greeted them as they moved inside, the four Hobbits stayed inside the doorway, not quite brave enough to move into the darkness of the Mines just yet.

"Soon Master Elf, you will enjoy the fabled hospitality of the dwarves. Roaring fires, malt beer, ripe meat off the bone. This, my friend, is the home of my cousin Balin. And they call it a mine. A mine!" Gimli boasted proudly to the Elf.

As Gimli spoke, Gandalf placed a crystal atop his staff, blowing softly on the crystal to bring light into it so it could be shed upon the mine entrance.

Harry gasped at the sight before him. Rotten, war torn skeletons of dwarves littered the floors. Death seemed to be the only thing was lead with this path.

"This is no mine. It's a tomb," Boromir said.

The Hobbits jumped at the sight of skeletons by their feet. Gimli cried out in anguish at the sight of so many of his fallen brethren.

Legolas pulled out an arrow from a corpse and cried, "Goblins."

All weapons were draw as they looked around for the signs of more Goblin forces, slowly retreating back to the entrance. Harry stood before the Hobbits, his sword raised high and his magic pent up for release if it was needed. None of the four would be harmed on his watch.

"We make for the Gap of Rohan. We should never have come here," Boromir cried.

Harry pushed the Hobbits back into the moonlight, not wanting them to see anymore of the carnage
and death before them. Fred and George joined his position, ready to defend the Hobbits as well.

"Now get out of here! Get out!" Boromir shouted.

A loud cry rang from behind him, Harry turned to see that Frodo had been grabbed by a tentacle from the lake, the dark shape pulling him towards the watery depths.

"Strider!" Sam called.

Harry, Aragorn and Boromir rushed forward to help the Hobbits. Sam chopped away at the tentacle holding Frodo before it unlatched itself.

The air seemed to calm for a moment before all hell broke loose.

A torrent of flailing tentacles rushed towards them, grabbing onto anything it could hold onto.

Harry shouted out in pain as one of the limbs smashed against a rock, flinging shrapnel into their group. Sharp edges tore at Harry's muscles, carving a giant wound in his side but he didn't stop. He swung at any of the limbs he could reach. The Kraken-like creature brought its head above the water, opening its wide jaws to be ready to swallow Frodo whole.

The two Men swung at the limbs, cutting any in their path until Aragorn cut the one holding Frodo. The creature roared in pain as Frodo fell into the arms of the Ranger.

"Into the Mines!" Gandalf cried, urging everyone inside.

In a rush of limbs, swords and water, they ran back inside the caves with the Kraken chasing after them. The creature's tentacles flailed so wildly that the doors and cave entrance fell onto the beast, collapsing the entrance on top of it. As they rushed away from the rubble, darkness befell the cave, trapping them inside the darkness of the Mines of Moria.

"We now have but one choice. We must face the long dark of Moria," Gandalf said as he lit up the crystal upon his staff, leading the way into the mine.

"Be on your guard. There are older and fouler things than Orcs in the deep places of the world."

"Just go and sugar coat it why don't you?" Harry muttered looking back at the frightened Hobbits.

Gandalf glared at the Hybrid.

"Quietly now. It is a four-day journey to the other side. Let's hope that our presence here goes unnoticed," Gandalf stated as he started down the path.

Before the others could start, Harry dropped to his knees, gritting his teeth with a hiss of pain as the adrenalin had finished burning through his body, leaving behind the reminder that he was badly wounded. Fire burned in his veins from the pain his nerves were receiving.

"HARRY!" Sirius cried, rushing to his godson's side.

Gandalf and Aragorn rushed in as well to help in their aide, pushing Harry onto his back. The crystal upon the istari's staff began to shed more like as the old man inspected the bleeding wound.

"You fool! Why did you not say something?" Gandalf cried as he began to put pressure of the wound to stem the bleeding.

Harry chuckled, his breath hitching slightly as the pain increased, "I was more worried about getting
Frodo out alive and away from the beast. The adrenalin's only just burned off and reminded me that I could be on Death's doorstep."

Sirius shook his head at the morbid humour before beginning to unleash his healing magic.

Harry gritted his teeth as the magic started to heal his wounds, the pain almost unbearable. Severus knelt down by his face and brought a potion vial to his lips, urging him to drink. Harry swallowed dutifully, knowing it would help with the pain.

A soft warm hand appeared in his, squeezing it reassuringly. Harry's vision was beginning to dim from the blood loss and the potion but before he blacked out, Harry could have sworn that it was Aragorn holding his hand and the Evenstar necklace was no longer present around the Ranger's neck.

"The time is near Little One, the time to choose to embrace your inner strength," a voice whispered amongst the darkness of Harry's mind.

Harry turned to the voice yet only darkness greeted him in every direction.

"Fire may often be used as a symbol of death but also a symbol of life for it is warmth, comfort and light. Embrace you Inner Fire and you will have a power like no other."

"I do not want more power, it only bring more pain and suffering for those I care about when those who want my power stop at nothing to get to it," Harry cried to the darkness in anger.

The voice chuckled softly, the laughter soft and gentle. 'A woman.'

"And with this, I know you are the best to wield it. Your powers cannot be accessed by anyone but yourself. You are the True Wielder of the Fire," the voice echoed, "Do not worry about your loved ones. They have more power than you realise."

Harry gulped and looked around, hoping to catch a glance of the owner of the voice.

"How will I know when?" he asked.

"You will know. Trust me, you will know. But you will not be alone in this – not this time, I will be here to guide your way on the path you seek," the voice vowed.

Harry nodded in acceptance, grateful for the guidance.

He could feel himself fading away once again.

"WAIT! WHAT IS YOUR NAME?" he shouted to the darkness.

Just as his conscious drifted off again, the voice replied.
"My name is Mithridel; I am one of the Valar, the Goddess of Wisdom and Peace."

Harry blinked his eyes softly as he awoke to dark, dank caves of Moria. He was resting upon a roll of blankets near an open fire.

Still half-dazed from his healing sleep, he looked around.

Merry, Pippin and Gimli were sitting against a rock face, glancing every now and then to Gandalf, who was muttering away to himself as he looked about the three doorways that loomed before him. Legolas was looking out into the darkness with the twins beside him, both silent for once. Boromir and Sirius were talking softly on the other side of the fire. Severus and Sam were sitting quietly, watching Frodo make his way to Gandalf’s side. The only one he could not see was Aragorn.

A hand was placed on his shoulder, making him jump in fright before he grabbed a dagger from his belt in instinct, swinging it at his ‘attacker’. 

Another hand grabbed his, stopping him from hitting the person with his dagger. Emerald eyes caught steel-blue eyes. Startled, Harry dropped his dagger.

"Aragorn! I'm sorry! I didn't mean to -" Harry started to ramble away in his apology only to be stopped by a finger being placed upon his lips.

Aragorn just chuckled and smiled, "You need to apologise Harry. I startled you and you reacted as a reflex. A good reaction in times like these, do not apologise for defending yourself against the unknown."

Harry blushed at the compliment, turning bright red. He lowered his head, trying to hide the scarlet colour behind a curtain of black silk strands.

Aragorn chuckled at Harry’s reaction to the compliment before reaching up to caress the soft black hair. Warmth spread up his arm as he touched Harry.

The pleasant feeling tingled through his body and blood rushed to his groin.

Aragorn quickly removed his hand from Harry’s head, shifting his legs to hide his erection. He was oblivious to the fact that his touch had the same effect on Harry.

As Harry felt the heat fade from his face, he turned to look curiously at the Ranger.

"How long have I been asleep?"

Aragorn looked at him before speaking, "Two days. Gandalf cannot seem to remember the way from here, so we have been stuck here for at least a few hours," the Gondorian prince sighed, "I was so worried about you, as were your brethren. Not many people can survive losing that much blood but
you seemed to hold on. I carried you for most of the journey."

Harry stared wide-eyed at the Ranger's last words. Aragorn had been worried about HIM.

"Why were you so worried? Surely, Sirius or Severus told you I would be alright," Harry whispered.

Aragorn coughed, trying to hide his embarrassment for worrying so much, "They did, yet I could not help but worry about you. I have never seen you so – so weak and vulnerable. It's not in your nature to be that way. Seeing you like that – it scared me Harry, it scared me because I thought I would lose you and I've come to realise that I care a lot about you."

Before Harry could reply, a cry rang through the group.

Gandalf cried "Oh! It's that way,"

They all turned to look at the old istari.

"He's remembered," Merry cried.

"No but the air doesn't smell so foul down here. If in doubt Meriadoc, always follow your nose," Gandalf told Merry before leading the way down into the darkness.

Harry sighed, stretching his stiff limbs. With a flick of his wrist, his bed rolls returned to his pack. Before he went to follow the others, Harry placed a chaste kiss on the man's cheek and dashed away to catch up with the rest of the group.

Gandalf lead them to a large cavern, held up by thousands of stone columns. The crystal upon Gandalf's staff illuminated the sight. He mumbled about adding a little more light.

"Behold, the great Realm of the Dwarf City of Dwarrowdelf," Gandalf pronounced for the group.

They all looked on in awe and amazement.

"Well there's an eye opener, make no mistake," Sam stated.

Slowly yet surely, Gandalf led the way through the large hall. It wasn't until they almost passed a large doorway that they stopped. To their horror, skeletons littered the path to a doorway that was illuminated by the only sunlight present in the whole tomb. Corpses of the fallen dwarfs littered the floor.

Before anyone could stop him, Gimli ran towards the door. They raced towards, hoping to stop him and continue on but it was in vain.

Inside the room, a large stone coffin resided in the middle of the room, illuminated by the only sunlight present in the whole tomb. Corpses of the fallen dwarfs littered the floor.

Gimli knelt before the tomb of his brethren, crying out in sorrow and pain.

Gandalf read the inscription on the top of the stone aloud for them to hear, "Here lies Balin, son of Huddin, Lord of Moria."

Gimli cried louder in anguish for the death of his cousin.

"He is dead then," Gandalf stated, "It's as I feared."

As Gimli's cries rang through the room, the other looked around the room warily, almost afraid that something would attack them in the vulnerable position.
Beside the stone coffin was a fallen Dwarf with a large tome book in his hand, covered in dust and spider webs. Gandalf tilted his head in curiosity.

Handing his staff and hat to Pippin who was the nearest to him, Gandalf leant down and picked up the book.

"We must move on. We cannot linger here," Legolas whispered to Aragorn.

Gandalf, ignoring or not noticing Legolas' words, blew upon the dusty tome pages before beginning to utter the last remaining words that the dwarf Scribe had written before his death.

"They have taken the Bridge. And the second Hall," Gandalf began, "We have barred the gates but cannot hold them for long. The ground shakes. Drums, drums in the deep. We cannot get out. The Shadow moves in the dark. We cannot get out. They are coming!"

Gandalf's ominous words from the tome sent shivers down Harry's spine. The hybrid stepped closer to his mate's shadow unconsciously, wanting to be shielded from the danger.

They turned at the noise and ringing of something falling down the well. Pippin turned back around to see their stares haunting him just as the rest of the skeleton falls down the well ringing with each clank and clash as it falls into darkness. He seemed to flinch as he each clanking sound that echoed back to them.

"Fool of a Took!" Gandalf cried, swiping his hat and staff back from the Hobbit.

"Give it a rest Gandalf, it does not change what has happened," Sirius cried, stepping towards the Halfling's side.

Pippin looked up gratefully at the older man. Gandalf just scoffed at the duo.

The group listened on, hoping for silence to follow the Hobbit's mistake. Yet their hopes remained in vain, as the sounds of drums, cries of animalistic creatures and clanking metal rang throughout to the halls of the mountain signalling that the Orcs and Goblins had found them.

The battle was coming to them!
The Balrog

Boromir ran to the door of the Tomb and looked out into the hall, only to flinch back just in time to avoid being hit by a volley of arrows fired by the Orcs. The two Men pushed the door closed, leaning against it heavily just to hear the roar of a beast, echoing outside in the hall.

"They have a cave troll," Boromir stated in a sarcastic happy voice.

Grabbing fallen axes, Legolas threw them to Boromir and Aragorn who used them to support the door, wedging it shut. The Elf rushed forward placing a few spears against it before drawing back with the two other men and drawing arms. There defence would not hold for long.

Gandalf threw away his hat and drew his sword, giving a war cry.

The four Hobbits followed his lead while the five Hybrids drew their swords and summoned their elements from their cores, glowing with suppressed magic.

The door rattled and the ground shook as Orcs battered against the doors.

Gimli growled and stood atop the stone coffin, "Let them come. There is still one dwarf Huddin warrior who still draws breath."

Axes hacked away at the worn wooden door and holes began to appear, Aragorn and Legolas let loose a series of arrows, drawing piercing cries from their victims. Before they could notch another round of arrows, the door burst open.

Chaos followed as the shards of the door flew back. Waves of Orcs entered the room, only to be cut down one by one; foe after foe was slain upon sight.

Harry could just make out amongst the fighting the other members of the Fellowship.

Gimli, still proud and strong, fighting atop the stone coffin, cutting down any who stood in his way. The Hobbits had drawn back into the corner, watching out for themselves, slashing and stabbing those who drew near with their short blades. The ominous blue glow of Frodo's sword acting as a beacon to the enemy to come forth but also as a beacon of hope for the other members of the Fellowship. Sam, the brave little Hobbit, was brandishing a worn frying pan, knocking out his enemies with well aimed swings.

Gandalf was twirling around the room, swinging his staff and sword in their mighty dance of steel and magic as he spun left and right, taking down all those who dared approached the ageing wizard.

Legolas spun around, swinging his twin blades in their dance as he ran through the ranks of Goblins who flowed through. Aragorn and Boromir were nearby, shedding blood and death in the same volume.

Flashes and bursts of magic coursed through the air, proving that the Hybrids were still fighting strong.

As the Orcs seemed to dwindle down in numbers, a great and mighty roar rang through the hall. All turned to the door to see a giant Cave Troll burst through the door, sending chunks of rock into the room. The creature was being lead into the room by a collar and chain, like that of a wild dog.

Moments passed before the Troll began to attack them with a huge roar. Gimli growled and threw
one of the axes at the beast, causing it to roar in pain. The troll, angry, swung its giant club at the
dwarf, smashing the stone coffin from where the dwarf had leapt. The troll swept its club angrily,
taking out many of the Orcs in its attempts to get to the dwarf.

As the troll swung its chain around the room, Legolas trapped the chain against a stone column
before leaping upwards and standing on the trolls' shoulders, drawing and arrow and shooting it in
the head, only to have the arrow shatter on the trolls' hard skull. This only further angered the troll.

The great beast turned its anger filled eyes upon Frodo.

Frodo, Merry and Pippin cried out as the troll began its attack on them.

As it reached for Frodo, Aragorn ran forward, brandishing a spear and pierced its side. It cried in
pain before knocking the Ranger away and into a wall, knocking him out cold.

Time seemed to slow down for Harry as he watched Aragorn fall to the ground.

"Aragorn!" Harry cried out, before slicing away the Orcs in front of him, desperate to get to the
Ranger’s side.

Frodo ran to escape from the Troll, only to be stopped by the spear the Troll had grabbed. The
Hobbit was backed into corner before the Troll thrust the spear towards him.

Frodo cried out in pain as the spear pierced his side, time seemed to slow down as he fell facedown
to the ground.

The Hobbit's cries of pain drove the others to slaughter the rest of the horde to try and get to the
Halfling.

Merry and Pippin gave a mighty war cry before leaping onto the Troll's back and stabbing it in the
back of the neck to bring it away from Frodo. This gave Legolas the chance to shoot another arrow
at the creature, this time it was brought down as the arrow pierced through the roof of its mouth and
its skull, before it fell dead at the Elf's feet.

Harry rushed to Aragorn’s side, not caring about anything else but his injured mate. A rush of energy
flowed from Harry into the Ranger, healing him of his wounds and bringing him to consciousness.

Aragorn awoke with a start. His eyes softened as they caught Harry’s worried ones. Turning, he saw
Frodo lying face down.

He gasped and rushed to Frodo's side, thinking the worse as he saw the Hobbit facedown. "Oh no."

Turning the Halfling over, Frodo began to gasp for breath and groaned in pain.

The young Halfling was still alive.

"I'm alright," Frodo gasped, "I'm not hurt."

"You should be dead," Aragorn stated in amazement, "That spear would have skewered a wild
boar."

"I think there is more to this Hobbit than meets the eye," Gandalf said in awe.

Harry watched in awe to see Frodo move the neck of his tunic down to reveal a fine chainmail
beneath.
"Mithril," Gimli stated softly.

The cries of Orcs approaching echoed through the halls once again.

They ran from the room and into the echoing stone halls. The cries of the Orcs echoed louder and louder as they approached in thousands towards the group of fourteen warriors. The group stood in a circle as the Orcs surrounded them, crying out in glee.

All seemed to stop as a thundering roar rang through the dwarven hall. The Orcs began to run in fear at the roar that echoed through the hall. Light began to illuminate the end of the hall where the group had run from.

"What is this new devilry?" Boromir whispered to Gandalf looking towards the light.

Gandalf closed his eyes before reopening them, "A Balrog, a demon of the ancient world."

All quivered in fear of the name and from the roar that echoed the halls of the mountain.

"This foe is beyond any of you," Gandalf said, "RUN!"

All listened to his shout as they ran towards the end of the hall, not waiting a moment to escape through the doorway.

Boromir was leading the way through the passage but came to a halt at the ledge of the twinning staircase. He stood precariously on the edge, almost falling to his death before Sirius reached forward and grabbed onto the man's tunic, dragging him back and into Sirius’ arms.

Boromir panted his thanks to the Air Wielder.

Sirius smirked for a second before leaning into whisper loudly, "If we make it through this alive, remind me to kiss you."

Boromir blushed before looking back at him, he gulped, "Later, I promise."

Harry and Severus snorted.

Gandalf stopped to lean against the door heavily, panting from exhaustion.

Aragorn tried to help but Gandalf pushes him away, "Lead them on Aragorn, the bridge is near."

"DO AS I SAY!" Gandalf cried, "Swords are of no more use here."

They ran down the winding staircase, only to leap across a gap in the stairs that had collapsed.

The walls of the cave began to break and shatter as the Balrog rammed into the walls, trying to break them down.

With every roar that pierced the air, Harry felt his blood sing. His focus was drawn back to the creature made of fire and shadow. Its fires calling to him like a Siren’s song. The energy seemed to want to draw him closer to the creature - closer to danger.

As his focus was drawn away, the others were jumping across the gap until the part of the stairs he and Aragorn were standing on had broken off from the rest and was left weak by a flying rock from the wall.

The staircase began to wobble and sway, leaning left, right, backward and forward.
Harry looked at Aragorn, "Do you trust me?"

"What?" Aragorn cried.

"Do you trust me?" Harry cried again.

Aragorn nodded at him.

Harry hauled Aragorn across his back, almost piggybacking the tall Ranger before leaping over the gap, over the rest of the group and onto the other side.

The others looked on in shock.

"WHAT ARE YOU LOT WAITING FOR? RUN!" Harry shouted, pulling Aragorn off his back and grabbing onto the man's hand, leading the way down the stairs.

They reached another hall, with a tower of fire pulsating on their right as they ran in the other direction.

Gandalf stopped, crying out to direct them over the bridge.

Time seemed to slow as Harry unconsciously let go of Aragorn’s hand. Slowly, he turned towards the pulsing wall of fire to see Gandalf looking back at the fire. His heart beating in time with the pulsing fire.

A soft voice whispered inside his head, "The time is near Little One."

Listening to the voice, he ran back to the old istari and pushed him towards the others.

"Go Gandalf!" Harry cried.

"No Harry, this is no fight for a youngling!" Gandalf shouted at him.

"It is my time Gandalf, I must do this!" Harry shouted in Elvish.

A roar rang from behind them. A great beast made of flames and shadows now loomed before them. The demon had found them.

Grabbing the old man's hand, Harry dragged Gandalf away from the creature.

The others had just crossed the bridge and looked back at them with fear passing over their faces. Harry’s emerald eyes met the steel-blue of Aragorn's as he stepped onto the bridge with Gandalf just in front of him. Harry closed his eyes in acceptance of his fate, only regretting that he hadn’t told Aragorn the truth.

Releasing the old wizard, Harry turned to stare defiantly into the eyes of the creature.

Harry felt the song inside his blood soar higher as the Balrog took each step closer. The fire from the shadows calling to him, stronger than ever.

‘Forgive me, my love.’

As the fire inside of him reached its peak as it drew it straight from his core, darkness descended upon him.
Aragorn gasped as he watched Gandalf run across the bridge, leaving Harry behind. When his eyes caught Harry’s, something within the emerald orbs pierced his hear. He rushed towards the old man, just as Gandalf reached them.

"Why did you leave him behind?" Aragorn cried.

Gandalf panted breathlessly before answering, "He said it was his time."

All eyes turned towards Harry who stood with his hands outstretched, looking at the Balrog.

The fire demon roared at the Hybrid, its heat intense from across the bridge.

A light began to surround Harry, just as bright and as hot as the sun. Aragorn gasped as a voice whispered in his head.

‘Forgive me, my love.’

"I am Harry Potter, son of James, Saviour of the Wizarding World and the True Wielder of Fire. You will not pass!" Harry cried before his body burst into flames.

Sirius cried out, ready to rush across to him, only to be pulled back by Boromir, "HARRY!"

Just as the Balrog began to step forward once again, the fire began to grow bigger and stronger, evolving into the fiery form of a dragon. The dragon roared at the creature, the light illuminating from the dragon blinding all those who stood to watch.

The Balrog shrieked in pain from the light, stepping forward unintentionally.

Raising its front paws, the dragon slashed its claws at the Balrog. The demon dodged the sharp talons to only be whipped across the chest by a spiked tail. The Balrog lunged in anger at the dragon, grabbing the dragon around the neck and pinning it down to the bridge. The dragon hissed in pain, its body coiling up.

The dragon lunged forward wrapped its coils around the Balrog, latching itself onto the demon tightly.

Both shrieked in pain as the light and dark fire clashed.

Cracking could be heard as the shrieks continued.

Aragorn looked at the bridge to see it cracking under the pressure of the two creatures. The Fellowship could only watch on in horror as the bridge collapsed and the two creatures fell into the darkness below.

Time seemed to stop as they realised what had truly happened before them.

Harry had sacrificed his own life to stop the Balrog from getting to them.
Aragorn rushed forward, ready to run in after his emerald-eyed Hybrid, only to be stopped by Severus had grabbed him from behind and dragged him along and away what lay left of the bridge behind them.

"NO! SEVERUS! YOU HAVE TO LET ME GO!" Aragorn cried as he tried to break free of the Earth Wielder's grip.

"Do not make me knock you out Strider!" Severus growled in his ear angrily, choking slightly in his words, his own grief trying to break through his cold shell.

Aragorn stopped and fell to his knees on the stone outcropping outside the mountain and the mines, his hands at his chest where his heart was breaking.

They had only just reached the other side of the mountain and escaped into the light of day. The group had just collapsed for a moment wanting to grieve for their fallen comrade, brother and family member.

Tears fell from his eyes as he closed them, his mind plaguing him with images and memories of the lively young man for whom he begun to fall for.

The emerald eyes and crooked smile of Harry’s haunted his mind.

Opening his eyes, he turned to see Gandalf wiping his sword clean of blood.

Gandalf sighed and looked at the elf, "Legolas get them up."

Boromir turned from Sirius' crying form, for the Hybrid had fallen into his arms crying for the loss of his godson, to look at the old istari in anger, "Give them a moment for pity's sake!"

Gandalf nodded solemnly, "I would Boromir but these mountains will be swarming with Orcs by nightfall if we do not leave now. If we make for the Lothlórien now, then we can mourn. Do not think of me as heartless Boromir, for I too wish to cry for the loss of our young one."

The group rushed towards the growing borders of the Lorien forest. As they broke through the banks of trees, they slowed to a walk, an aura of peace falling upon them at the sanctuary that the trees held before them.
"Stay close young Hobbits," Gimli stated, reaching towards the four Hobbits, "They say that a great sorceress lives in these woods - an Elf Witch."

Fred snorted softly before muttering to his twin, "An apt description of Galadriel."

Gimli continued, ignoring the twins, "Of terrible power. All those who look upon her fall under her spell and are never seen again."

Fred and George rolled their eyes at the dwarf, before rolling a finger near their left ear and whistled, almost stating to each other that the dwarf was crazy. Aragorn chuckled softly at the duo as he too thought that the Dwarf was little too superstitious.

"Well here is one Dwarf she won't ensnare so easily. I have the eyes of a hawk and the ears of a fox," Gimli grunted before stopping suddenly.

Drawn bows pierced Gimli's vision, bringing him to total silence.

Elves surrounded the group, the group stood at a stock still, not even breathing at the threat imminent before them.

The leader of the elves stepped forward, "The dwarf breathes so loudly we could have shot him in the dark."

Gimli harrumphed at the Elf angrily.

Gandalf strode forward as well as Aragorn to stand before the Elf, bowing in respect, "Haldir of Lorien. We come here for help," Aragorn asked, before looking back at the others, "We need your protection."

"Aragorn, these woods are perilous, we should go back," Gimli stated somewhat in fear of the spears pointed at him.

"You have entered the realm of the Lady of the Wood. You cannot go back," Haldir spoke, before turning his gaze knowingly upon Frodo, "Come, she is waiting."

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---*--*~ The Crossing of Worlds ~*--*---

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Dark had fallen upon the tree top Elven City, only to be illuminated by the thousands of glowing lights that stood like proud beacons to those who resided in the ancient city.

The group stood upon a platform, waiting upon the Elves who wished to speak with them.

A blinding light strode towards, blinding the group before it dimmed down to reveal the Lady and Lord of the Woods of Lorien.

Severus, Sirius, Fred and George bowed deeply to the two Elves in respect, though the sorrow was clear on their face.
Gandalf, Aragorn and Legolas nodded their heads.

Lord Celeborn looked among the group and sighed, "Thirteen are here, yet fourteen there were set out from Rivendell," he intoned before looking at his mate, "Young Harry has fallen into Shadow. It is as you foresaw, my dear."

Understanding in an instant, Sirius growled angrily at Galadriel.

Aragorn just stood there in confusion; if she had known, why hadn't she forewarned Harry? He could have still been among them if she had. Tears brimmed in his eyes once again at the loss of the young man he grew to care about deeply.

"YOU KNEW GALADRIEL? WHY DID YOU NOT TELL US? YOU TOLD US WE WOULD ALL LIVE TO SEE OUT THIS WAR AND YET HARRY IS DEAD!" Sirius shouted in anger, the air quivering at the intensity of the emotions brought forth by the Air Wielder.

Galadriel just turned her gaze upon Aragorn, her eyes twinkling knowingly with light before turning to speak with the others, "If I had done so, all would have failed and the Fellowship destroyed and the Ring brought to Sauron. As it were, I did not foresee these changes in the tides of time till the moment Harry had his first vision of Mithridel. By letting things flow as they should, Harry reached his full potential as the True Wielder of Fire, awakening the dragon within him."

Galadriel turned to begin walking up the stairs, turning back to beckon them forth, "Come, you will see why we did not fear the sorrow that you hold in your hearts for the ‘death’ of your companion."

Aragorn followed, his heart growing wearier and wearier with each step forward. He just wanted to curl up into a ball and cry his heart out.

They passed through many trees before finally stopping at a glowing doorway. Galadriel nodded for them to go through.

Aragorn looked back at the rest and sighed before reluctantly entering.

He gasped.

Before him - silent and still, lay Harry unconscious on a soft bed under the glowing light of the door.

He rushed to the Hybrid's side and grasped the raven's hand with his left and his right caressing the soft cheek, hoping the touch would prove that it was all real and not just a dream.

Tears rushed down his face at the happiness of feeling Harry's warm skin against his and the calming pulse of blood flowing through the Hybrid. He softly began to whisper his thanks to the Valar for bringing the young man back to him.

"He is just resting. He was found floating in the river not long after you reached the edge of the forest," Galadriel stated to the group, drawing the attention back to her, "He will rest for three days until he awakens to continue on with your journey. For now you will all rest as he does, the answers to your questions will come at another time. Go now and rest, he will be here in the morn."

Aragorn looked down softly at the young man before him. He kissed the hand he held in his grip before standing up.

Bending down, Aragorn placed a soft kiss on Harry's lips before pulling away slightly to whisper.

"Rest well - my love."
The song in this chapter is "When You Believe" from the Prince of Egypt movie, I prefer this version and that's one I listened to when I started visualising this chapter. Also I'm not religious in anyway, but this song is so beautiful.

Night had fallen in the Elven city. Soft melodies floated on the air to be carried along the cool wind. The forest seemed to be at peace during the dark times that had been brought upon by the war.

"SIRUS ORION BLACK! GET OUT OF MY INFIRMARY NOW!"

Or so it had seemed.

Sirius yelped as he fell gracelessly in his face on the wooden landing outside of the infirmary. Galadriel stood in the doorway with her arms crossed and tension clear on her glowing face.

"Ouch," Sirius muttered softly as he got back onto his feet, rubbing his red face.

Galadriel sighed, rubbing the bridge of her nose.

"Three days - for three whole days you have been in my infirmary and under foot while I watch over your godson's health. You are not helping me or Harry by doing so."

Sirius looked down at the scolding. Sometimes Galadriel truly reminding the ex-convict of Professor McGonagall - both could make him feel like a young child again.

The forlorn expression on the Man's face calmed the tension on her face. She stepped forward and placed a finger under his chin, lifting his head to look him in the eyes.

"I understand you plight young one. He is the only reminder you have left of your old family and the friends who have already passed into Valar," Galadriel stated.

Tears started to condense in his eyes before he could prevent it. Galadriel raised his head with a finger under his chin, making him look into her eyes. Caring and understanding were expressed by the soulful sapphire eyes.

"Do not worry so hard or you will end up going grey again, young one. Let me watch over your godson in peace and I will tell you myself when Harry has awoken," Galadriel said softly.

Sirius stepped back, wiping his eyes before standing strong once again and nodding at the Elven royal.

“Good, now be off with you. It is almost time for the ‘Celebration of the Valar’. Go join the others and escort them to the festivities. We may need all the prayer and song we can offer to the Valar in this time of need.”

Sirius chuckled darkly, “Don’t we just.”
Sirius turned away, starting to head down the wooden stairs.

“I’ll throw an offering into the pyre for you and Harry!”

Galadriel chuckled at the shout. The man was always good for a laugh.

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~*~*~ The Crossing of Worlds ~*~*~

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Steel-grey eyes gazed out into the dark forest as he sat silently against a large tree root.

Aragorn sat with his back to the rest of the Fellowship, smoking his pipe as he listening to Legolas telling them the stories of Old.

Aragorn did not turn to see who approached him, the loud footsteps of the person alerting him to the presence of one of their group.

The tall figure of Boromir sat down beside him silently, his form tense and nervous. The aura that Boromir exuded troubled Aragorn greatly.

“You should rest Boromir. These borders are well protected, we are safe here.”

Boromir scoffed, “I have not found much rest here in three days. Not since I heard her voice in my head.”

“She spoke of my father and the fall of Gondor. Yet, she said to me, even now there is hope left,” Boromir spoke wistfully, “But I cannot see it, it has been a long time since we had any hope.”

Aragorn looked at the man inquisitively; this belief would explain many things about his fellow Man.

“Time changes people when no hope is present. You cannot help what happens when fear corrupts. Do not place that responsibility on your shoulders, Boromir, as it will only weigh you down. Perhaps the Valar will send us a beacon of hope and light yet,” Aragorn said, clapping the man's shoulder.

"Maybe they already have,"

Aragorn looked at the man inquisitively to see Boromir's eyes fall upon Sirius who descended the wooden stairs. The three other Hybrids rushed to greet the Air Wielder.

Boromir’s words rang in his ears.

Maybe the Valar had already blessed them. They had be given more power than they could ever imagine. Five stars already lead their way in the darkness.

Sirius listened to the others rushed words, their worry for Harry great. He shook his head to their answers.

Aragorn could only guess that there was no change with Harry.
“Come, let’s see what news your beloved brings,” Aragorn stated, grasping the man’s shoulder tighter.

Boromir sputtered, his face turning red with embarrassment. He was unaware that Aragorn knew of his feelings for the Air Wielder.

He smirked, turning towards Aragorn, “Yes, perhaps he has news of your beloved.”

Boromir laughed at the other man as Aragorn choked, his own face turning red as well.

The two Men rushed up to the group to hear about any change.

“What?” Aragorn asked.

“No. I got kicked out by Galadriel as soon as I got in the door,” Sirius said, rubbing his head, “Literally.”

Fred laughed, “What do you expect? Galadriel is as bad as Madam Pomfrey was - the only time you were in her infirmary was if you were sick, injured or on your deathbed. Otherwise, stay away from the Dragon’s Lair.”

George, Severus and Sirius all winced at their own memories of the Healing Patron. None were very pretty!

Shaking his head, Sirius looked to the group, “Anyway, she also told me that we are just in time for the Festival of Valar and that we should join in with the celebration.”

“Is this really that important at the moment?” Legolas asked, looking up towards the infirmary.

The Twins, sensing the Elf’s thoughts, placed a hand on both his arms, “Harry would have wanted us to.”

Gandalf smiled, nodding at the Twins, “Then we shall.”

~*~*~ The Crossing of Worlds ~*~*~

Laughter and voices carried around the pyres of fire scattered about the clearing. Crowds of Elves stood in the clearing, throwing offerings into the fire for the Valar.

The Elves did not take much notice to the arrival of the Fellowship, feeling very at peace for the first time in a long time.

The Hobbits watched in awe at the surrounding Elves who were merrily celebrating in their large groups.

Gandalf coughed, catching the Hobbits attention.

“Do not wander too far.”
The message was for each Halfling but his knowing eyes lingered on Merry and Pippin. The two Hobbits smiled mischievously at the istari.

Celeborn stood on a platform on the edge of the group before clapping his hands to gain the attention of all those present in the clearing.

“Welcome my friends, companions, brethren. Another year has passed since we last met. Let us join together in prayer, song and dance to the Valar so that they may find it in their hearts to send us hope, light and strength in this time of darkness,” Celeborn announced.

Cheers rang from the crowd.

Galadriel glided gracefully to her mate’s side to watch the procession of Elves.

Aragorn’s eyes widened at the figure who walked up beside the two Elven Royals.

Harry’s presence turned the air warm, a pleasant warmth that filled his very heart. The young Hybrid just seemed to glow with life and happiness that resonated into Aragorn’s very being.

Harry bowed low to the two Elves, his emerald eyes glowing with spark of mischief. Galadriel nodded at him and watched as the Fire Wielder strode to the center of the platform.

Some of the surrounding Elves left their groups and took up their instruments. As the Elves strode to the edge of the platform and began to play a soft haunting melody.

Harry’s soft voice echoed with the melody as he began his tribute to the Valar.

“Many nights we've prayed

with no proof anyone could hear

In our hearts a hopeful song

We barely understood

Now we are not afraid

Although we know there's much to fear

We were moving mountains

Long before we ever knew we could”

The circles of Elves began to dance to the melodious song. The hope that seemed to blossom from the song was affecting all those present.

“There can be miracles

When you believe

Though hope is frail

It's hard to kill

Who knows what miracles
You can achieve
When you believe
Somehow you will
You will when you believe”

Fred came up beside Harry, smiling softly at his younger brother before grabbing his hand. Fred’s voice began to echo alongside Harry’s.

“In this time of fear
When prayer so often proved in vain
Hope seemed like the summer birds
Too swiftly flown away”

George’s voice flowed alongside the two already singing, grabbing Harry’s other hand.

“Yet now I’m standing here
With heart so full I can’t explain
Seeking faith and speaking words
I never thought I’d say”

Harry sang strong and proud with Fred and George singing in time with his voice. Their words echoing strong.

“There can be miracles when you believe
Though hope is frail
It’s hard to kill
Who knows what miracles
You can achieve
When you believe
Somehow you will
You will when you believe...”

The three Hybrids stepped down from the stage and walked into the crowd. The Twins strode towards Legolas, both grabbing the Elf’s hands and dragging him to dance with them amongst the crowds. Sirius was already dancing in the arms of Boromir, both content in each other’s presence.

Aragorn’s eyes laid only on Harry’s approaching figure.

An Elven woman began to sing again.
“A-shi-ra la-do-nai ki ga-oh ga-ah
(I will sing to the Lord, for he has triumphed gloriously)
A-shi-ra la-do-nai ki ga-oh ga-ah
(I will sing to the Lord, for he has triumphed gloriously)
Mi-cha-mo-cha ba-el-Im adonai
(Who is like You, oh Lord, among the celestial)
Mi-ka-mo-cha ne-dar- ba-ko-desh
(Who is like You, majestic in holiness)"

Harry bowed to Aragorn, raising his hand up. Aragorn smiled at the youngest Hybrid, placing his own hand against the smaller hand. The two began to dance in circles around each other.

“Na-chi-tah v'-chas-d'-cha am zu ga-al-ta
(In Your love, You lead the people You redeemed)
Na-chi-tah v'-chas-d'-cha am zu ga-al-ta
(In Your love, You lead the people You redeemed)
A-shi-ra, a-shi-ra, a-shi-ra...
(I will sing, I will sing, I will sing)"

Harry began to sing once again, only to have the rest of the Elves sing along with him. The others of the Fellowship began to sing along as well. Aragorn added his own strong voice to the fray.

“There can be miracles
When you believe
Though hope is frail
It's hard to kill
Who knows what miracles
You can achieve
When you believe
Somehow you will
Now you will
You will when you believe”

The other voices softly fell away from the song, until Harry was the last voice to echo softly in the
clearing. His emerald eyes held in the gaze of Aragorn’s steel-blue eyes.

“You will when you believe”

As the song came to a close, the instruments slowly fade to silence. The crowd then erupted in cheers and applause for the song. Harry blushed, ducking his head against Aragorn’s chest in an attempt to hide his face from the others.

Whistles broke out from Fred and George at his blush.

Aragorn chuckled as another song began to echo through the clearing. Harry’s head lay against his chest, listening to the strong heartbeat within. The two seemed to be in their own little world as they stayed in their embrace.

Harry brought his head off Aragorn’s chest. He grabbed the older man’s hand and began to drag him into the forest, well outside the edge of the clearing.

Harry stopped in a bank of trees that let the moon’s light fall onto the ground, lighting up the darkness.

The two turned to each other, their eyes holding each other’s gaze. Neither spoke as they basked in each other’s presence, finally alone with each other.

The light of the moon made emerald eyes glow softly, making the younger man even more beautiful in Aragorn’s eyes.

He could not resist temptation as he leant down till his lips were only inches from Harry’s own lips.

Harry’s emerald eyes darkened to almost onyx-black with lust and desire flashing through the Hybrid’s eyes, just before Harry closed the distance between their lips.

Soft lips pressed against dry ones, caressing each other slowly, the touches barely there like a butterfly's touch. Soft ones gave into the more dominant, moaning softly.

Their bodies were brought together with Harry’s hands clutching at the long strands of Aragorn’s hair. Aragorn grabbed Harry around the waist, crushing the younger man’s body into his. Both moaned as their bodies rubbed against each other. They fit together like the piece’s of a puzzle.

A tongue swiped across Harry’s lips, demanding entrance into the soft, warm cavern. Harry gasped, allowing Aragorn’s tongue to ravish his mouth.

The kiss grew hot and heated as their tongues fought once again for dominance.

Aragorn moved his hands from Harry’s waist to grasp at the luscious rump of his beloved, squeezing both muscles.

At Harry’s gasp and moan, Aragorn once again gained dominance of the kiss.

The two broke apart, panting for air. Their blood burned with desire and lust for the other. They could not look away from the other, so surprised at the rush that had come from their kiss.

“I’ve never felt this way with anyone else,” Aragorn stated, after his breath returned.

Harry smiled brightly at his beloved, the feelings obviously mutual. He returned his head to the man’s chest, listening to the comforting heartbeat within.
“Harry?” Aragorn whispered.

“Hmm?” Harry grunted, looking up at Aragorn.

“I know that the middle of the war and our quest isn’t the best time to ask this, but - would- would you do me the honour of allowing me to formally court you,” Aragorn asked, almost stuttering in his uncertainty.

Harry eye’s widened and he gasped in shock. He couldn’t believe what he had just heard.

He looked up into hopeful steel-blue eyes. He could see hope, passion and something close to love in Aragorn’s eyes. Aragorn was placing all his hope into the answer he was hoping to receive.

Harry smiled at the man, tears of happiness blooming in emerald eyes.

“Yes.”

Aragorn wrapped his arms around Harry, lifting the young Hybrid up into the air and spinning them both in a circle. Their laughter filled the clearing as they expressed their joy and happiness in the presence of the other.

As he set Harry back on his feet, the two smiled brightly at each other. They only hoped that their happiness would last.

A bright began to glow on the ground beside them before fading to a soft glow in the form of two beautifully forged silver rings. The twisting silver glow bright in the moonlight.

The Valar were smiling upon their union.

With a twist of his finger, Harry summoned the two rings to him. They hovered over his open hand, glowing even brighter in their presence.

The two rings lowered to Harry’s hand.

The silent question in Harry’s eyes was answered by Aragorn as he grasped on ring in his right hand and softly grabbed Harry’s left. He slowly slide the ring onto Harry’s ring finger, kissing the hand where the ring lay.

Harry returned the favour, loving the way the silver stood out on Aragorn’s war worn hands.

Peace reigned through the clearing as the two lay on the soft moss basking in the warmth that radiated from the other in their loving embrace.

~*~*~ The Crossing Of Worlds ~*~*~

Severus grunted in annoyance as he watched the sappy and romantic display from the other Hybrids.

He knew Harry had already disappeared with Aragorn into the forest and he was very glad to not
know what the two were doing. It was scarring enough as it is to see the others going at it, thank you very much!

Sirius sat on Boromir’s lap, both very happily kissing each other softly. The whole thing was disgustingly romantic.

Fred and George on the other hand.

“Ugh!” Severus groaned, rubbing the bridge of his nose.

He had seen Fred and George rubbing off against a very embarrassed and submissive Legolas. From what he had seen, George was the dominant one of the trio. But then again, he would rather not think any further on the matter.

“Horn bags,” Severus cursed.

Severus turned his onyx gaze to the stars, softly cursing his life as he was the only one to not have found his mate yet, while the others had known theirs for months. Was he that screwed over that he did not even have a mate?

Severus gasped as his vision flashed with light.

A rugged man sat in a cave nearby a small fire. His eyes were closed but Severus could see the dark bags under the man’s eyes. His shoulder length dark hair was knotted and dank and his body was lean but muscular. The man had obviously fallen upon hard times.

Severus’ heart pounded with warmth and his body seemed thrum in time with the earth.

“Captain Faramir?” a voice echoed in the cave.

Dark blue eyes revealed themselves as the man, Faramir, opened his eyes.

Severus gasped as his vision turned golden around the edges, Mine. My mate.

Severus groaned as he returned back to the present. His vision forever imprinted in his memories.

He opened his eyes and returned them to the looming full moon.

A small smile played across his face.

Maybe the Valar were on his side after all. Only time would tell when he would see his mate.

He had waited for forty years, he could wait a little longer.

End Notes

This is work was also posted on FanFiction.net under the same alias.

Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter by JK Rowling or the Lord of the Rings trilogy.

Please leave a kudos and/or review. I love hearing from all of you and it makes me want to work more for this story.
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!